

# The TATLER



OCTOBER 1, 1958

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*—illustrated article*





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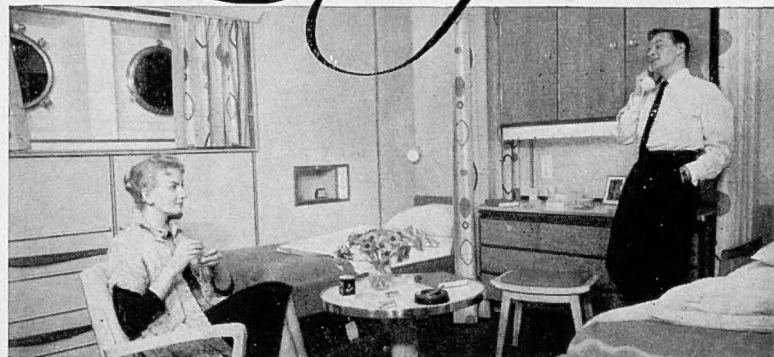


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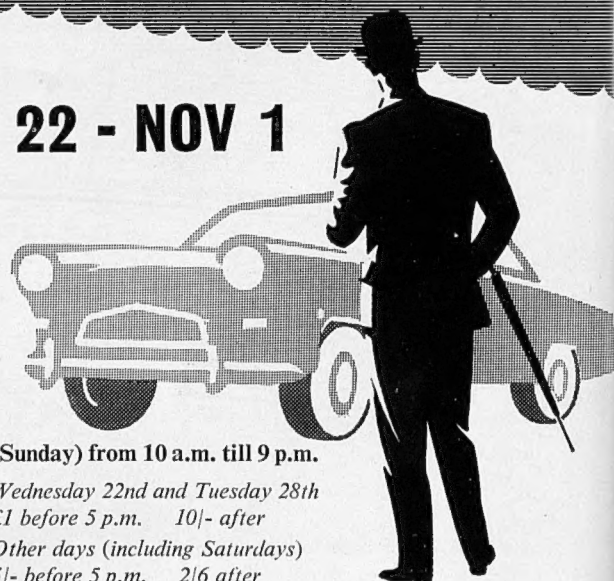
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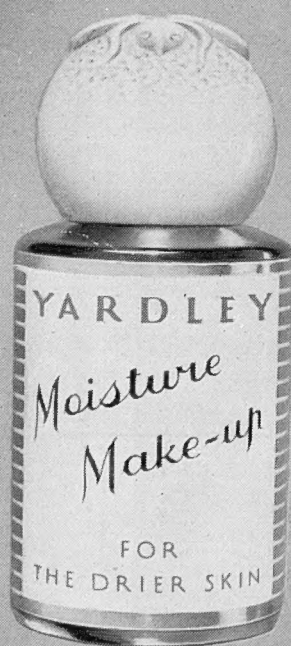




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# WHERE *to* go... WHAT *to* see

## Planning your programme

BY ANDREW HALL

THE Centenary Musical Festival at Leeds (October 11-18), which I mentioned briefly a while ago will include several important exhibitions as well as the musical side. Modern sculpture at the City Art Gallery, including works by the famous Yorkshire-born sculptors Barbara Hepworth and Henry Moore; English Watercolours; Indian paintings, which will form a background to Ravi Shankar's sitar recitals in the City Art Gallery; musical instruments, from about 1600 B.C. to the present day; and, appropriately, textiles.

One of the outstanding musical events is the new production by the Covent Garden Opera Company of Handel's *Samson* at the Grand Theatre. This is to be produced by Herbert Graf and conducted by Raymond Leppard. Membership of the Festival Club, South Parade, is open to Festival visitors.

The programme at the Royal Festival Hall this week is one to cover the tastes of most music-lovers. Jazz is featured on Sunday the 5th by Duke Ellington and his Famous Orchestra (6 p.m. to 9 p.m.); on the 7th Anna Russell, the brilliant international concert comedienne, holds the stage (8 p.m.); and on the 9th Yehudi

Menuhin & the London Philharmonic Orchestra are conducted by William Steinberg (8 p.m.).

Pheasant-shooting begins today and salmon-fishing ends on the 31st and, in between the two, October provides a month of varied enjoyment for sportsmen. Unfortunately the Horse of the Year Show at Harringay (7th to 11th) clashes with the World Amateur Golf Team Championships for the

Eisenhower Trophy at St. Andrews, Fife (8th to 11th). At about this time, too, deer-stalking provides an amusing exercise in patience and stamina in the Scottish Highlands.

An unusual item is Animal Sunday (5th Oct.) at Holy Trinity Church, Hereford. This is an extremely old, annual custom. Also, the Chelsea Antique Fair (8th to 18th) at Chelsea Town Hall.

Mr. Paul Rogers does remarkably well."

**The Tunnel of Love** (Her Majesty's Theatre). "A farce on a delicate theme . . . a wild escapade directed by Mr. Robert Morley. With Brian Reece."

**Where's Charley?** (Palace Theatre). "An instant success . . . extremely funny . . . well-drilled chorus . . . the farce and the musical adaptation dance happily."



THE TATLER TEAM TIPS  
(from recent contributions):

## Endorsed eating

BY ISAAC BICKERSTAFF

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**The Royal Court Hotel, Sloane Square.** "The old bar has been redesigned . . . a new grill

room—with an attractive garden patio."

**The Lotus House, 61 Edgware Road.**

"A smart and large restaurant which stays open till 2 a.m."

## Praised plays

BY ANTHONY COOKMAN

**The Elder Statesman** (Cambridge Theatre). "Dialogue is a pleasure to hear . . . particularly well cast.

## Fancied films

BY ELSPETH GRANT

**Sea Fury.** "The film handles the sea drama quite superbly—and builds to a climax worth waiting for. . . . You will be taut with excitement. . . . Convincingly played by Mr. Victor McLaglen. . . . Signorina Luciana Paluzzi shows promise."

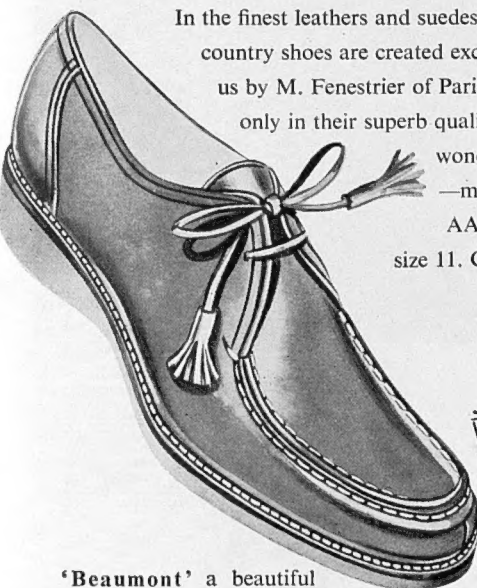
**The Revenge of Frankenstein.** "Encompassed in a beautifully neat and strictly scientific manner. The presence of that exquisitely polished actor Mr. Peter Cushing is positively reassuring."

**The Missouri Traveller.** "A fresh robust, uncomplicated film with rough humour, a tense trotting-horse race and a fist fight the like of which has not been seen since *The Quiet Man*."

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touch





# The TATLER

& BYSTANDER

Vol. CCXXX. No. 2986

1 October 1958

TWO SHILLINGS



Alan Vines

## PERSONALITY

### Ten years here

MME. (ANNA) HAEGGLOEF is the wife of the Swedish Ambassador and today is their tenth anniversary at the Court of St. James's. Next month she will become the first lady of the Diplomatic Corps when her husband takes over as doyen on the departure of the Norwegian ambassador. By coincidence it is to Rome that the Norwegian Ambassador is moving, and that is also where Mme. Haeggloef met and married her husband.

She is a Roman by birth (1918), daughter of Count Carlo Folchi-Vici of the Papal aristocracy. To complete her international background, she has an American grandmother, a Cambridge degree in a course for

foreigners, and has lived in Moscow and New York. Her English is so fluent that once she did not hesitate to address the Royal Society, deputizing for her husband. She was introduced by T. S. Eliot, and gave a well-documented lecture on "Queen Christina's conversion."

Despite her many talents (which also include show-jumping, piano-playing and sketching) Mme. Haeggloef maintains that she still has to overcome shyness. One of her remedies is to be outspoken about herself and others. She will probably make the liveliest first lady the Diplomatic Corps can remember, and—as this picture indicates—one of the most decorative too.



# Weddings

**Harris—Ruscoe :** Miss Tessa Ruscoe, elder daughter of Mr. & Mrs. John Ruscoe, Rosanne, Frinton-on-Sea, married Mr. Bryan Harris, younger son of Mr. J. Harris, Bryanston Court, W.I., and Viscountess Scarsdale, Kedleston Hall, Derbyshire, at St. Mark's Church, North Audley Street, W.1



**Lloyd—Fishlock :** Miss Yvonne Fishlock, elder daughter of Mr. & Mrs. C. W. L. Fishlock, Tunstall, Kent, married Mr. Christopher Lloyd, only son of Brigadier & Mrs. T. I. Lloyd, Lauderdale Mansions, W.9, at Tunstall Church



**Morris—Janner :** Miss Ruth Janner, daughter of Mr. Barnett Janner, M.P., & Mrs. Janner, Albert Hall Mansions, S.W.7, married Lord Morris of Kenwood, son of the late Lord Morris of Kenwood, & of Florence Lady Morris of Kenwood, at the New West End Synagogue, W.2



**Snow—Ballintine :** Miss Jane Ballintine, only daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Robert Ballintine, Pencoyd Manor, Hereford, married Mr. John Francis Snow, elder son of Mr. Frank Snow, Hendon Avenue, N.3, and Mrs. Lorna Snow, Park Street, W.1, at Pencoyd Church, Hereford



**Brown—Boileau :** Miss Etienne Boileau, daughter of Col. & Mrs. D. R. C. Boileau, Turleigh Down, Wilts, married Lieut.-Cdr. David W. Brown, R.N., son of Captain J. R. S. Brown, R.N., Pembroke Crescent, W.11, and Mrs. E. Lias, Townshend Rd., W.11, at St. Michael's, Chester Sq.

**Glover—de Pree :** Miss Janet Diones de Pree, elder daughter of Major & Mrs. Hugo de Pree, Forstal, Biddenden, Kent, married Major James Malcolm Glover, The Rifle Brigade, elder son of Major-Gen. & Mrs. M. Glover, Charlton Avenue, Walton-on-Thames, at All Saints', Biddenden

**Mahony—McCausland :** Miss Mary Fania McCausland, daughter of Lieut.-Col. & Lady Margaret McCausland, Drenagh, Limavady, Co. Londonderry, married Mr. Denis Mahony, Irish Guards, son of Brigadier & Mrs. E. R. Mahony, Kilchreest, Co. Galway, at St. Mary's, Limavady

**Rawlings—Woodrow :** Miss Shirley Anne Woodrow, eldest daughter of Mr. J. Woodrow, Stone Legh, Knutsford, Cheshire, & Mrs. C. R. Iliffe, married Mr. Peter Breon Beaumont Rawlings, son of Admiral Sir Bernard & Lady Rawlings, Bodmin, at the Queen's Chapel of The Savoy

**French—Tarbutt :** Miss Heather S. Tarbutt, younger daughter of Mr. & Mrs. A. C. Tarbutt, de Walden Court, Eastbourne, married Captain Maurice A. French, elder son of the Hon. Mrs. B. L. French, Place Farm, Bletchingley, Surrey, and the late Hon. B. L. French, at St. James's, Spanish Place







AUTHENTIC MODELS from the Paris collections are quickly available in London at the best stores. This one is by Pierre Cardin, a collarless, cuffless, easy-fitting coat. It can be copied at Debenhams & Freebody's in the original flamingo pink or any other colour. More Continental models at this store and at others are shown on **pages 36/41**; **ALSO IN THIS ISSUE:** How the ancient skill of folk song has suddenly found itself not only respectable but popular too—**Page 22**, article and pictures. Portrait painter of today (Robert Buhler), **pages 24/25**; Travel: The island of women, **pages 28/29**; Roundabout by Henry Cecil, **p. 20**

## A woman takes her camera to the USSR

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE: Return to Armenia—a brilliant photographic record by **Ida Kar** of her visit to a little-known part of the Soviet Union, which she had not seen since babyhood. **ALSO:** **Jennifer** will be back from holiday



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Postage: Inland, 4d. Canada, 14d. Foreign, 41d. Registered as a newspaper for transmission in the United Kingdom. **Subscription Rates:** Great Britain and Eire: Twelve months (including Christmas number), £6 5s. 6d. Six months (including Christmas number), £3 5s.; (without Christmas number), £3 1s. Three months (no extras), £1 10s. 6d. Corresponding rates for Canada: £5 15s., £2 19s., £2 15s., £1 7s. 6d. U.S.A. (dollars): 18.50, 9.50, 9.0, 4.50. Elsewhere abroad: £6 12s., £3 8s., £3 4s., £1 12s.

## ABOUT-TOWN DIARY

# I meet the ladies of the longbow

by MONICA FURLONG

A GENTLE September afternoon of diagonal sun, and the svelte lawns of the Hurling-Club were as green and groomed as the English-speaking quarter of the Elysian Fields. The ladies of the Ilkley Arrow, wearing white and Lincoln green, were shooting it out in a beautiful peace and archery seemed the gentlest game in the world. It has its potential of violence, however.

"These steel arrows could go right through someone," one of the contestants told me. "I once hit a chicken which jumped unexpectedly out of a hedge and it had to be destroyed." This did not seem surprising when one learnt that the arrows flew at 80 miles an hour, so fast that the eye could not follow their trajectory.

Mr. Frank Petty, the president of the Longbow Society, and Mrs. Petty, the president of the Ilkley Arrow, kept me informed about what was happening. "The first lady to get a gold is the winner of the silver arrow and becomes the Captain of the Arrow for the next year. Miss Joy Warner is the retiring captain this year, and Mrs. Langford Lloyd has just become next year's captain. The first lady to get a red becomes the Lieutenant and it is her job to start and end the proceedings with a blast on a silver bugle." Mrs. Boehm started and ended the shooting with great virtuosity while I was there. (Pictures on p. 13.)

Mr. Petty, who originally learnt to shoot with wooden arrows and a yew bow, deplored

the innovation of steel bows and arrows (made, I was fascinated to discover, by Accles & Pollock): "Shooting isn't what it was. Half the fun's gone nowadays."

But the Longbow Society still continues to shoot in the old wooden tradition, though it is increasingly harried by the difficulty of obtaining new bows made with properly seasoned wood. A wooden bow costs in the region of £9, a steel one £10, and both are liable to sudden breakage. The bowstring, too, has been overtaken by science and some of the Ilkley ladies were shooting with Dacron, one of the new fibres.

"But a proper bowstring should be made of linen thread, made as fine as it possibly can be without breaking."

They gave me a bow to try and I wrenched it apart until both arms shook with the effort.

"Oh, but that's not far enough. You've got to reach your nose. It's not strength—it's just knack and co-ordination. You're only pulling about 22 lb. there."

Watching the ease and force with which the Ilkley ladies struck a target 80 yards away, I remarked what a lethal bunch the Yeomen of England must have been.

"Did you know that archers were dropped with the Parachute Division at Arnhem? They had the virtue of operating absolutely silently, you see."

I wasn't quite certain that this was not an elaborate toxophilist leg-pull. I do know that if I found myself opposing the accurate ladies of the Ilkley Arrow I should surrender at once.

### 'Men don't make passes...'

I was talking this week with Mr. Bernard Donner, the Welbeck Street consultant who has done some interesting research into the improvement of contact lenses. Like many people I feel a certain repugnance for the idea and said so.

"That's because you imagine it as something painful like a foreign body in the eye," he said, "but of course, it does not press into the eye and therefore does not hurt."

One of Mr. Donner's clients is Polly Elwes and another is the sprinter Madeleine Weston. Several distinguished athletes come to him to be fitted.

Over the past seven years he has developed an entirely new kind of lens which he claims to be much more comfortable than the old type. He has discarded the method of taking an impression of the eye, because this



Betty Swaenbe

MONICA FURLONG





Fayer

MARK, nine-month-old son of Mr. & Mrs. Stewart Stapylton-Smith, Walters Farm, Titchhurst, Sussex

## Other People's Babies



Barry Swaabe

DAVINA, three years, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. David Rutland, Lowndes Square, S.W.1



Fayer

CAROLINE, 18 months, daughter of Major & Mrs. Edward Dobson, Wormley, Herts

produced surprising inaccuracies in fitting. The shape of the eye varies constantly as it moves and Mr. Donner has got over this difficulty by producing a triangular plastic lens, known as the "auto eye lens," which moves with the eye, continually readjusting itself. Many people who have previously been unable to wear contact lenses because of an unusual curve of the eyeball or exceptionally tight eyelids can wear this new type with perfect comfort, he told me. The lenses are invisible in use.

I was interested to know whether the old complaint about contact lenses—that they become painful after a few hours wear—still holds good. Mr. Donner says his patients find that they can wear them comfortably for eight hours, but find it wiser to take them out after seven hours. After an hour's rest it is then possible to wear them for another seven hours.

The oddest use he has put his invention to is a cosmetic one. Girls who have a yearning to change the colour of their eyes to blue or brown or green can do so temporarily with charming effect.

Mr. Donner's clientele consists of yachtsmen, polo-players, boxers, swimmers, actresses, stevedores, dockers, girls with a passion for hats (or just those who believe in Dorothy Parker's quip).

### Paging Cromwell's head

"I do wonder what's happened to Cromwell's head," remarked a Fleet Street acquaintance. "Haven't heard a word about it for several years now." We were talking about the Cromwell tercentenary.

"His head?" I asked.

"Yes, you remember. He was decapitated after his death and his head was put up on a spike in Whitehall or somewhere. Until a few years ago it belonged to a vicar who kept it in a box under his bed."

"But is it shrunken or weathered or what?"

"Embalmed, I imagine."

I began telephoning people who might

GENERAL GALE: In the caption to the General's picture (17 September) it was stated that his chief at SHAPE would be General Ridgway. This error arose from out-of-date information supplied in an official handout. The Supreme Commander is now General Lauris Norstad.

know its whereabouts, chanting as I did so the idiotic nursery rhyme which goes

*Oliver Cromwell lost his shoe  
At the Battle of Waterloo.*

During the *longueurs* of the talking-machine this turned into

*Oliver Cromwell lost his head  
Underneath the vicar's bed.*

But I found out what I wanted to know. Until last year the head belonged to a Canon Wilkinson in Suffolk—it had been in his family's keeping since 1812—but on his death it went to his son, a Dr. Wilkinson of Kettering General Hospital, who shows it to selected visitors. To what it owes its extraordinary preservation nobody seems to know. It is tempting to parody Lady Bracknell. "Anyone may lose his shoe. But to lose one's head looks like carelessness."

### When debts must earn

Autumn. In London the leaves of the plane trees snap underfoot like potato crisps. In a condition of post-holiday repentance we listen to anybody who can tell us how to turn an honest five-pound note. Lay an ear to the ground in Knightsbridge and you will (unless taken in charge as a lunatic first) hear the steady tramp of débutante feet along the Brompton Road until they turn off up Beauchamp Place.

In search, of course, of Mrs. Elisabeth Russell, hospital of shattered allowances. Mrs. Russell, a delicious chatterbox of a woman with whom one longs to stop and gossip for hours, nearly always has a solution.

Suppose one comes and says: "Mrs. Russell, I must earn some money, but I know absolutely nothing about anything." She will then find one a safe and plodding job baby-sitting, or scrubbing, or washing cars. Suppose one comes (a bit conceited this time) and says: "Mrs. Russell, I want something with some glamour—a receptionist, perhaps, or a model." One will still, unless one has had some training, end up baby-sitting or washing cars. But suppose one comes with reasonable qualifications—the Winkfield Manor diploma, for example, or the Cordon Bleu, or a sound secretarial training—then she can promise to find good work, well paid. Mrs. Russell's girls usually want a good deal of spare time and so may ask her for only

[Continued on page 14]



Tom Hustler

MARK, three years, son of Mr. & Mrs. Sam Fenwick, Oakwell Park, Dunstable



## Tennis versus The Bar

Mr. Oliver Wrightson, a barrister serving in a doubles match against the Hurlingham club. The day's play ended in a draw

# AT HURLINGHAM

*Archery by ladies of the Ilkley Arrow*



Blowing the horn to start the day's shooting: Mrs. N. V. Boehm, Southern Association's tournament secretary



The captain of the Meet, Miss Joy Mitchell, with Mr. Frank Petty, president of the British Long Bow Society



The winner of the 18th-century Arrow, Mrs. S. Langford Lloyd. She lives at Woking, and is a member of the Royal Toxophily Society



Desmond O'Neill

In the middle pictures Mr. Barry Carter (left), one of the visiting barristers. Right: Mr. Ernest Wittman, the Hurlingham captain. He is a former Polish Davis Cup player



In the bottom pictures, Mr. & Mrs. John Mathew (left)—he is the barrister son of Sir Theobald, the Public Prosecutor. Right: Miss Nida Machin and her fiancé Mr. O. S. Prenn, the former British boys' singles champion, of Hurlingham





Dr. R. H. Schloss

## SWISS AMATEUR GOLF IS WON BY BRITON

**Capt. M. Francis-Francis (Britain)** won the International Amateur Golf Championship of Switzerland at Crans sur Sierre

**Miss Monica Steegman of Cologne** beat **Mlle. A. M. Van den Berghe, of Belgium**, 2-1 in the women's final

**The Duchesse d'Elchingen** was a competitor in the Coupe Provins. She was formerly the French women's golf champion

**The Comtesse des Courtils** was a spectator. She was accompanied by her son Guy and her daughter France

one job a week. Others will work flat out for a week or two to make the money they want for a new dress and then stop.

Mrs. Russell, a Breton by birth, stumbled into agency work when her own three daughters had each "done" their Season and she grew tired of hearing them and their friends continually grumbling that they would do anything, *anything* to increase their spending money. At the same time her own friends were protesting that they would do anything, *anything* to find baby-sitters, kitchenmaids, cooks, and extra staff for parties. It seemed a matter of common sense to introduce one group to the other, and so the thing began. It's been going on for more than a year now.

"Most of them are terrified of serving to begin with," says Mrs. Russell, "but it often becomes their favourite job." Another winner of a job is cleaning silver. Cooking has difficulties stemming from the fact that few people's kitchens are as immaculately fitted out as those of the training schools. Also, many hostesses have not the slightest idea how long dishes take to cook, nor which can be dovetailed together.

"Never cook a *soufflé* the first time you go," is one rigid rule Mrs. Russell makes. "Your employer may not come to the table on time and your reputation will be ruined."

"But what on earth do the parents say?" I asked, hearing the long list of titles who had merrily gone cooking and charring.

"They're a bit nervous at first," admits Mrs. Russell, "but they all end up enthusiastic," and she waved me to the photographs on the walls. These showed **Miss Amanda Legge** and **Miss Eve Russell** wielding brooms, and **Lady Mary Lygon** brushing down the stairs.

"One of our stars was **Amelia Eden**," says Mrs. Russell regretfully. "We shall miss her. She was a marvel."

### Truth from the camera

Opposite the bleak, blank cliff of the Westbury are the R.W.S. Galleries and there, until 3 October, is an extremely fine collection of photographs, the London Salon of 1958. It is always a shock to see photography used more as an art than a record—rather like finding Chinese calligraphy on a business letter—but there is a passion for expression in these pictures that is very moving. Almost none of them have bothered with

the sentimental or the pretty-pretty but with brisk dignity have gone about exposing the roots of humanity.

Some of the most exciting—street scenes and work pictures—have come from Oriental cameras—though the most beautiful face in the exhibition is that of an elderly Jew emerging in Rembrandtesque fashion from a twilight of chiaroscuro.

### Demolition—and reconstruction

Stand in Kingsway and you will hear a sound as if the Thing really has landed at last and is stomping round Aldwych seeking whom it may devour. The dear old Stoll is biting the dust.

Stand in the Strand and peer (from the observation platform obligingly provided by Messrs. Taylor Woodrow) into the bowels of the even dearer old Gaiety. All you will see is an assortment of iron hooks and a vast tub of tar.

Stand in King Street and watch the St. James's. . . No, really, it's too painful. Sometimes nowadays the air of London seems to be throbbing to the sound of Melpomene weeping for her children.

Or is she? Of course, I know the London Casino is given up to inducing travel-sickness in its patrons, and the Hippodrome has suffered—to aficionados of the drama—a fate worse than death. But nevertheless there are all sorts of exciting little signs that while the old theatres are dying like dinosaurs a number of more adaptable small fry are briskly emerging from chaos. One of them is certainly the Mermaid Theatre at Puddle Dock, London's first new theatre for twenty-five years, and the first one in the City for 250 years. At first gasp it seems like lunacy to site a theatre so far from Shaftesbury Avenue and in a part of London which is as dead as a coffin after dark. But then one learns that at least half the seats will cost only 5s., that it is to be run on a non profit-making basis, that it is to have its own riverside restaurant, and that (oh dollar-happy tourists!) Shakespeare used to live just round the corner.

Then there is the old Queen's Theatre, now rebuilding in Shaftesbury Avenue. It is owned jointly with the Globe by H. M. Tennent Ltd. Eighteen months ago I was taken round the filthy old shell before contractors came in to pull some of it down

and rebuild the rest. A great hole had been torn in the roof by a bomb and from the stage where *The Dairymaids* was staged it was like squinting into some revolting dust-bin. Grime and bird droppings hung from the plush rims of the boxes and from the gilded Cupids. Rats scuttled horribly in the stalls. This theatre is now well on the way to being rebuilt with a modern glass façade looking into Shaftesbury Avenue. Another convalescent theatre is the old variety house in the East End, the Tower, where **Gracie Fields** made her London début.

But the hope of the theatre is the theatre clubs, and a number of the most vigorous productions—*Waltz of the Toreadors*, *Waiting for Godot*, *The Kidders*, *The Iceman Cometh*, *A View from the Bridge*, *South*, *At the Drop of a Hat*, *The Boy Friend* and currently Tennessee Williams's *Garden District*—have been sired by these. This is partly because one can better afford to experiment in a club atmosphere, partly because the Censorship countenances no sins except adultery and world playwrights are brimming with other subjects.

### Eighteen years on

Battle of Britain Week and the gravel plain of Horse Guards' Parade was littered with crowds and aeroplanes and marquees. Two rockets with high-explosive warheads poked at the sky like giant pencils. The jet engines, decorative inside their glass cages, shone like family silver, and photographs on the walls showed what jolly fun life was in the R.A.F. A dun-coloured model depicted the guided missile station of the future.

"Cor, Dad, isn't it smashing!" exclaimed the little boys, and there was nothing in the exhibition to correct the impression, no civilizing hint that war was an obscenity. The exhibition concentrated on the future with Goliath boastings of fresh triumphs in store. Beneath the photograph of the missile with the high-explosive warhead, the catalogue announced "such weapons of the future may well have nuclear warheads to increase their destructive power."

"Cor, Dad, isn't it smashing!"

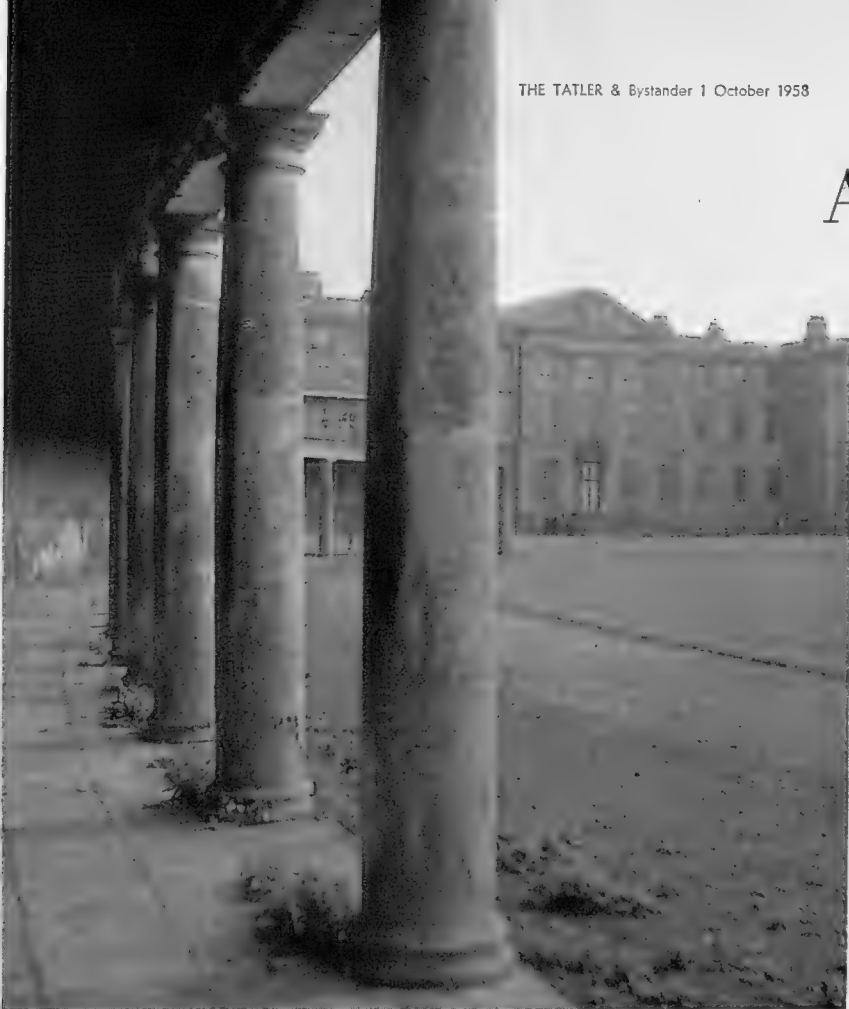
The past, the brave and terrible year of 1940 with its killings and maimings and burnings, was forgotten in the thrilling anticipation of future wars. It seemed a curious memorial.



# A Stately Home's first season

BURLEY-ON-THE-HILL,  
RUTLAND HOME OF COL.  
& MRS. J. R. HANBURY

Colonel Hanbury, descendant of the Finch family, the original owners, opened Burley to the public this year



The Colonnade, said to resemble that at St. Peter's, Rome, encloses a great lawned courtyard (total span is 500 feet) framing the magnificent north façade of the house. The gardens (below) match the Italianate architectural design. This quiet spot is on the west side



The Adam dining-room (above), which was damaged by fire, has been restored to its original beauty. Silver plates on the table bear the Winchelsea arms. A gilt mirror of the time of George II hangs on the wall of the saloon (below)



Décor of the tiny boudoir is Victorian, with black lacquer furniture and a fine black marble table. The picture over the fireplace is by Wheatley. Reproductions of his "Cries Of London" are on the right







Mrs. G. G. R. Boon rode Venus III in the Open Jumping Class. Her husband, Major Boon, taught the Duke of Kent riding

# EQUESTRIANA

*Sandhurst's horse show (this page)*

*The Curragh St. Leger (opposite, top)*

*The Thame Show (opposite, below)*



Mrs. David Peel Yates, Major-Gen. F. R. G. Matthews (he was a judge) and Brig. David Peel Yates



Major D. W. A. Cleeve (he judged the turnouts for the coaching marathon) with Lt.-Col. K. Greville Williams



Gen. Sir George Erskine, Field Marshal Sir Gerald Templer (former C.I.G.S.) and Gen. Sir Roderick McLeod



Lady Templer (wife of Sir Gerald), Lady McLeod and Miss Catriona McLeod

Ven Hallan



At the Irish St. Leger, held at the Curragh: Lt.-Col. Harold Boyd-Rochfort, General Sir Charles Gardiner (he is Governor of Western Australia) and the Earl of Donoughmore, senior steward of the Irish Turf Club



At the Thame Show (below): Mr. H. E. Shaw, from the Heythrop. His Irish Fox II won in a hunter class



C. C. Fennell

The Hon. Mrs. William Macauley, from Glenbride, Co. Wicklow (she is the sister of Viscount Camrose) with her horse Royal Highway, which won the Irish St. Leger



The Marchioness of Waterford (she is the younger daughter of the Earl of Dunraven) with Capt. Robin P. Elwes



P. C. Palmer

Mr. A. E. James (he is a Gloucestershire trainer), and Miss Jane Kent of the Vale of White Horse Hunt



Mr. S. E. Hayball, one of the judges of the jumping classes, with Mr. Eric Ixer, the international course-builder of the B.S.J.A.



Miss Amanda Cox, Miss Rhona Cox and Miss Melanie Pearson. They are all members of the Bicester & Warden Hill Hunt



# WEDDING RECEPTION

## *in Belgrave Square*



Miss Susan Mary Angela Trouncer, daughter of the late F/O T. O. Trouncer, R.A.F.V.R., married Mr. Robert George Francis de Stacpoole, son of Lt.-Col. & Mrs. E. H. de Stacpoole at the Church of the Assumption & St. Gregory, London, W.1



Mrs. T. D. Trouncer, mother of the bride, with Major George de Stacpoole and Mrs. Iris Harben (cousins of the bridegroom)



Mr. John Gordon-Clark (he gave the bride away), Mrs. Gordon-Clark and Mr. Anthony Samuelson (the chief usher)



Mr. & the Hon. Mrs. F. H. Lowry-Corry and Viscountess Boyle

A. V. Swaabe



**DUTY TRIP-1** REAR-ADMIRAL TEODORO BARTUNG is Argentina's new Ambassador to Britain. He has arrived in London accompanied by his wife and by his nine-year-old daughter Elena. Formerly Naval Minister in the Cabinet, he succeeds Senor Alberto Candiotti

**DUTY TRIP-2** ANTON DOLIN, artistic director of the Festival Ballet Company, has gone to Bermuda to discuss with Noël Coward details of a ballet for the next summer season. Mr. Coward is writing both the script and music for the ballet—his first, and set in London



Mike Davis





## NEWS PORTRAITS

**HOLIDAY—1** SIR WILLIAM WALTON has been commissioned to write a symphony for the 1959-60 season of the Liverpool Philharmonic. Here he is in Ischia, where his wife owns villas which they let

Photographs by Donald Southern

**HOLIDAY—2** W. H. AUDEN (*right*), the poet, also in Ischia. Holidaying with him was Chester Kallman, his collaborator on the libretto for Stravinsky's *Rake's Progress* (produced at Glyndebourne this summer)



**HOLIDAY—3** LORD & LADY HAILSHAM at Château Lake Louise in Alberta. Lord Hailsham went on a three-day climbing trip in the Rockies. He is now back in England for next week's Tory Conference





## BRIGGS by Graham



*Searching his  
memory, the  
author of the  
new 'Brief to  
Counsel' finds  
evidence for a  
well-known  
Freudian theory*

## I haven't changed since I was eight

by HENRY CECIL

WHEN I was eight I was at a small boarding school. There were certain rules which we were supposed to observe and the school had a headmaster who believed that rules were made to be kept. And, when they were not kept, he signified his disapproval in the usual way. One of the rules was that there must be no shopping without leave. One day—without leave—I had gone out and bought a pound of strawberries. On the way back to the school I was horrified to see the headmaster and his wife coming towards me. They were about 20 or 30 yards away, on the other side of the road. I could not tell whether they had yet seen me. But, as far as my recollection goes, I never even considered that question, nor did I consider whether I could hide the forbidden fruit or slink away unnoticed. I remember clearly that I could only think of one plan and that I put this into operation immediately. I walked straight across to them and offered them each a strawberry. She took one; he said, "No, thank you," and I never heard any more of the incident.

My wife says that I am still the same smug person as that horrible little boy. It is, of course, obvious that the plan was almost bound to succeed and that the headmaster and his wife would be tickled, if not pleased, by the incident. A small boy would not be able to work that out. But, was it just instinct or character? And, whatever it was, was it the desire to keep to the truth or a precocious knowledge of human nature that made me act as I did?

Psychologists say that one's character is fully formed from the age of eight onwards

and, as far as my experience goes, they are right. In other words, I have to agree with my wife. (I have to do that anyway, but that is another story.)

I have certainly found that the truth has paid dividends. I should like to think—and I am tempted to say—that I became truthful for some religious or high moral ground. But I am compelled to say that it was reading the story of Cassandra at an early age that made me, in this particular respect, what I am, for better or worse. I was so appalled at the thought of prophesying the truth and never being believed, that I remember working out in my own mind how one could avoid that situation for oneself. And eventually I was forced to the conclusion that the only way of always being believed was by acquiring a reputation for always telling the truth. I do not claim any originality for this theme. Indeed, only the other day a small boy, who was called upon to give evidence, was asked by the judge, before he took the oath, if he knew what was meant by telling the truth. The dialogue went on as follows:

*Small boy:* Yes.

*Judge:* What?

*Small boy:* Not telling lies.

*Judge:* Why not tell lies?

*Small boy:* Because it doesn't pay.

*Judge:* Why doesn't it pay?

*Small boy:* Because no one would ever trust you.

I am sure that my wife would have had the same views of that small boy as she has about me. But I should have liked to have met his parents. Or perhaps he invented it for himself. Certainly my parents tried to bring





## Guess where?

*Plaques like the one above are usually placed outside historic houses. But this one is indoors on a new concrete wall. The house it describes, for many years used as offices, has been swept away and the site is now inside Selfridge's new extension behind Oxford Street. The plaque and bas-relief preserves the connection*



Alan Vines

me up to be truthful and good. But the reasons for doing so were the normal reasons normal parents give. They were not utilitarian.

So there it is. It is no use asking me for a reference unless you're pretty sure that I know you sufficiently well and have a high enough opinion of you to recommend you for whatever it is you wish to be recommended. It is when references are mentioned that my wife is particularly distant. Unfortunately I once gave her a truthful reference, and on the strength of it she didn't get what she wanted. It shows that I must have some other and more endearing qualities that she married me at all.

Well, of course, I have other qualities, and, so far as I can see, they are the same as those I had when I was eight. That doesn't mean to say that I do not hide some of them to the best of my ability from the public view. I certainly do. But my vices and virtues (for, whatever my wife says, everyone has some virtues) are the same today as they were when I walked across the road with the strawberries. As one gets older it is easier to look at one's character more objectively, and consequently it is easier (at least one fondly imagines that it is easier) to conceal or control the less attractive of one's qualities and to give reasonably full play to the more attractive.

At the same school I was once accused by the headmaster of frightening a small boy by telling him that there was an old man under his bed. All I said in my defence was: "Well, he could have looked." Again the offence was passed over. I was more

fortunate than some prisoners, who seek to avoid the just consequences of their crimes by trying to jolly the jury along to find them not guilty by their cheerful roguery and, when that fails, to persuade a judge to give them a lesser sentence by the same methods. But it doesn't work in those circles. The jury no doubt smile but they say: "Guilty." The judge may regale his friends with the story of the prisoner's quips, but in court he tells him that the situation is not in the least amusing and that he would do better to mend his ways than try to be funny. And the same sentence is passed as if he had been mute of malice.

Fortunately my success on that particular occasion did not embolden me to take to a life of crime in the hope that I could laugh away findings of guilty and sentences.

While at the same school another small boy

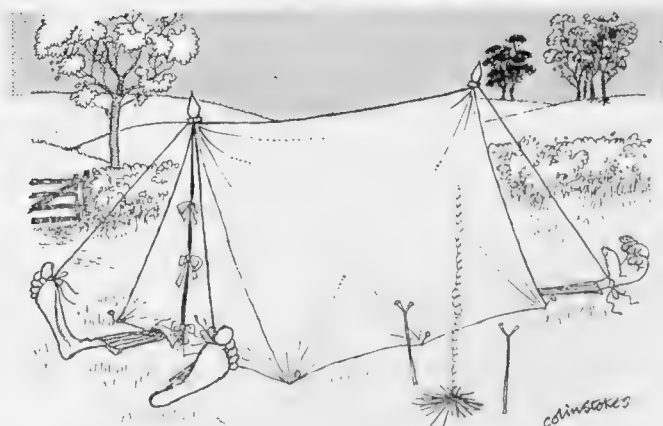
and I indulged in some escapade, which apparently annoyed the owner of a shed on which we had trespassed. In reply to his angry complaints I remember informing him that he had been young himself once. I do not remember what effect this had on him. I believe that we ran away, but there were certainly no untoward consequences.

When you consider these various episodes selected from my career as a small boy of eight, it certainly looks as though, even at that age, I was rather pleased with myself. And, having read through this article, I feel bound to admit that it doesn't look as though I had changed in that respect either.

NEXT WEEK:

*B. A. Young*

## STOKES JOKES







SYDNEY CARTER DESCRIBES, ON THE EVE OF THE FOLK SONG SOCIETY'S  
DIAMOND JUBILEE CONCERT, HOW THIS MUSIC IS SUDDENLY BOOMING

## Folk-songsters find themselves in vogue

IT WAS always morning in the world of folk-song, when I went to school. Milkmaids dabbled in the dew, ploughboys whistled at their work. Nobody ever struck for higher wages. There was only one month in the calendar, called May. Towns and factories had not been heard of; but there must have been the sea, for there were sailors—healthy-minded lads, singing *Billy Boy* or *Shenandoah*.

It was charming, but a bit thin-blooded for growing boys. So we left it all behind, like Sunday school, and thought we'd never meet the folk again. How wrong we were. You can hardly turn on a television knob today without getting a blast of folksong in the face. The folk have come to town.

But not the folk we used to know. Where are those old English rustics, dancing on the village green? Their desires were few and simple—lawful matrimony, and a pot of ale. (We didn't know about the unpublished manuscripts of Cecil Sharp.) If they came from Lincolnshire they may have done a spot of poaching in the season of the year (when-ever that was), but they didn't hang around a red-light house in New Orleans. If a maid was crossed in love, she hung her harp on a weeping willow; she didn't fill the young man up with lead, the way Frankie did to Johnny. Characters in skiffle ("Folksong with a beat," according to Chas. MacDevitt) seem to spend half their time in the jailhouse; and no wonder.

Most of the folk one meets today are,

admittedly, American; but even the British folk are showing an attitude one would not have expected 60 years ago. It now appears that the folk were not all agricultural. Some were working in the coalmines, and the songs they sang were not about the morning dew, or even the foggy, foggy dew; they were concerned with their pay packet.

*Come, me little washer lad,  
Come, let's away,  
It's very hard to work  
For fourpence a day.*

That's what they were singing up in Teesdale. If you don't believe me, listen to *Shuttle and Cage*, a recent record of Industrial Folk-Ballads (Topic, IOT 13).

As for the sailors, they were not singing *Billy Boy* at all—not the version we learnt at school, at any rate. A selection from their rousing repertoire, sung by Ewan MacColl and A. L. Lloyd, can be heard on two other Topic records (T7 and T8). A. L. Lloyd, besides being a scholar in the field of folksong actually worked on board a whaler once; so he should know what sailors sing.

To experience the new kind of folk-singing at its liveliest, go to The King & Queen, a pub at Paddington Green, on a Sunday night. The queue of able-bodied young men on the pavement will be lining up, not for mild-and-bitter, but for folksong. Do not expect to hear about maypoles and sweet primaroses in the upper room where the Ballads & Blues Association hold their sessions. You may, of course; but you're more likely to hear a song about a pit explosion at Blantyre. I have even heard a song about the atom bomb.

They are no mere skiffers at The King & Queen. They may wear check shirts and beards, and carry a guitar; but they know their Cecil Sharp, and some are paid-up members of the English Folk Dance & Song Society. When they sing an ancient ballad, they will treat it with respect; but they see no reason why a ballad *should* be old. Ewan MacColl has a powerful piece about the execution of Tim Evans:

*... So they moved him out of "C" block  
To his final flowery dell,  
And night and day two screws were there  
And never left his cell. ...  
They brought his grub in on a tray,*

FOLK MUSIC IN BULGARIA is one of the subjects Diana Lady Avebury hopes to include in a documentary film she has gone to make there. She is a trained scriptwriter. In this picture with her is James Verner, cameraman of the expedition

*There was eggs and meat and ham  
And all the snout that he could smoke  
Was there at his command.*

This is not a folksong, in the purist sense; you cannot "make" a folk-song, any more than you can make a genuine antique. Only time can turn a sideboard into an antique, and only the folk can turn a song into a folksong.

One of MacColl's compositions in the Northumbrian idiom, *Cannily, cannily*, has already fooled some would-be connoisseurs. Radio announcers have described it as "traditional."

One of the star performers of the Ballads & Blues fraternity is Peggy Seeger. She comes of a famous folksong-collecting family, and rarely sings anything that is not genuinely "folk." This slim, apple-cheeked girl from the U.S.A. will surely make a lot of money one day. She has a way with a banjo and an audience which could sell almost anything. So far, she has stuck to folksong.

At Cecil Sharp House, home of the English Folk Dance & Song Society, the sound of Morris bells may still be heard. But things are changing, even here. You hear more guitars than pianos, nowadays. "Modern" folk-singers such as Ewan MacColl and Peggy Seeger have performed up here as well as gnarled shepherds from Northumberland and rude old sailors from the Norfolk shore, who would rather have a pint of bitter than a cup of *cappuccino*. On the same platform as the Copper family, who have sung folksong in Sussex for six generations, I have heard young Shirley Collins, who graduated *via* the Espresso bar. She uses a banjo and an automatic zither.

Radio, the tape-recorder and the record boom have revolutionized the world of folksong. On tape and disc, the B.B.C. has one of the richest folksong collections in the world. Programmes like "As I Roved Out" (and even "Saturday Skiffle Club") are pumping folksong back into the bloodstream of the British nation. The dream of Cecil Sharp is coming true; though some of the things that pass for folksong would have made him shake his head.

Even the gods of Tin Pan Alley bow the knee to folksong now. Laurie London, who topped the American hit-parade with his first record, was asked what kind of music he liked best. "Folksong," he replied. So if you still think folksong quaint or funny, better keep quiet; or your teen-age daughter will consider you a Square.

Alan Vines



## *Folk music faces*

Photographs by  
Peter Kennedy



*SHEILA GALLAGHER, a 90-year-old Gaelic singer from Donegal, has recorded many folksongs for Sean O'Boyle and Peter Kennedy*

*HARRY COX of Norfolk sings a version of The Foggy, Foggy Dew more circumstantial than the one most people know (H.M.V. 7EG 8288)*



*JIMMY WHITE, a young shepherd, photographed singing at Whittingham, Northumberland. He knows many local songs—and stories to go with them*

*MARGARET BARRY comes from Cork. She sometimes sings at the Bedford Arms in Camden Town*



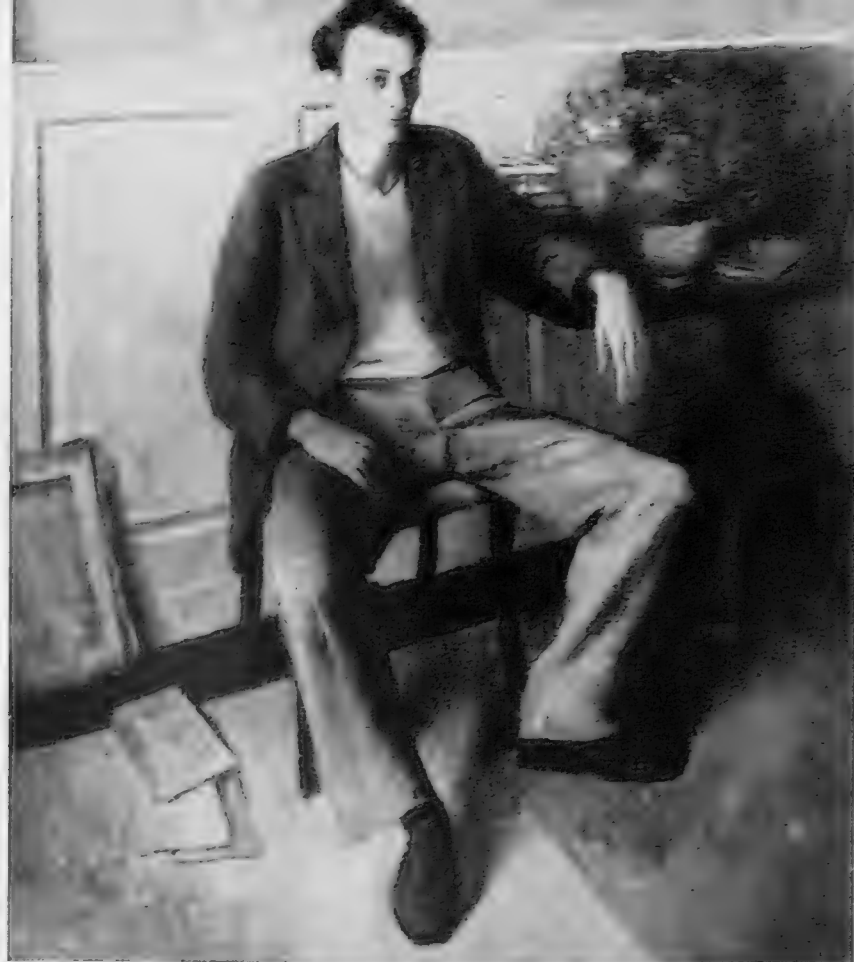


## PORTRAIT PAINTERS OF TODAY

## Robert Buhler

R.A.

by DAVID WOLFERS



POET: STEPHEN SPENDER 1939

**F**AR FROM being accused of flattery, as some portrait-painters are, Robert Buhler (in photograph opposite) is sometimes criticized for dwelling too much on the gloomy or seamy side of his subject's character. This he would deny. He is, above all, a realist who tries to present people as they are. His goal is objectivity. He would agree, though, that objectivity in portraiture must always remain elusive, since the painting cannot help depicting the person coloured by the vision of the artist.

Buhler is the antithesis of a literary painter. Unlike his friend Carel Weight, he abhors objects and backgrounds in a painting. His backcloth is always stark; nothing but the subject matters. There must be no distracting trimmings. He paints the subject plainly directly, without adornments. The character is all that counts. Whatever qualities of character are there, he believes, have a greater chance of standing out if the whole composition is simple. It is partly for this reason that those to whom his painting does not appeal find his portraits harsh and even derogatory. Another reason perhaps is that his colours are often mud-flavoured or low in key, so that the sparkling side of the sitter's character is less easy to see.

But these illustrations, particularly the painting of John Davenport (one of his favourite subjects), should amply demonstrate the real and painterly qualities that make Robert Buhler a most original portrait painter. Even if dull in colour, the painting itself is seldom dull. It is usually arresting because of the feeling of character it conveys; its qualities demand scrutiny, compelling the viewer to go through something of the painter's effort to put his subject on canvas.

Buhler wanted to be a painter when he was only 12, and he feels he could never have been anything else. He was born in London in 1916, his father being Swiss and his mother English. His schooling was mainly in Switzerland, though he spent most of his holidays in



FASHION EXPERT: MISS MADGE GARLAND 1955



LORD GLENCONNER 1956

PAINTER (AND CLOSE FRIEND OF THE ARTIST) FRANCIS BACON 1952

LORD GLENCONNER'S DAUGHTER: THE HON. MRS. S. YORKE 1956





England. At 16 he went to Zurich Art School and then to Basle. At 17 he came to St. Martin's School of Art in London and from there to the Royal College. With some financial help from his father he started painting on his own at 20.

It was in the late thirties that his work began to attract attention and his portrait of Stephen Spender in 1939 was praised by leading critics. He continued to enhance his reputation during the war, mainly with small landscapes. Robert Buhler has always had a number of literary friends and among those whom he painted in the war years were Cyril Connolly, Peter Watson (who was the proprietor of the review *Horizon*), and Philip Hope-Wallace, the critic. After the war he began sending his landscapes to the Academy. He painted two of his closest painter friends, John Minton and Francis Bacon, and also his former teacher Barnett Freedman.

Today Buhler has a house in Suffolk and a studio in London. He teaches at the Royal College and became an R.A. in 1956. He is against factions in art and believes that the Academy will only fulfil its function when it becomes fully representative. The members of the Academy are not entirely to blame. There is outside resistance as well. Sutherland and Moore, for example, have never submitted their work. And until the element of inverted snobbery about not showing at the Academy goes, the R.A. can never exhibit the best of all schools.

As a portrait painter Buhler is likely to remain controversial. In my view he digs a little deep and is too preoccupied with the darker side of people's natures. Perhaps a more careful assessment of external qualities would redress the balance. But his portraits will be remembered and they will outlast many. Unwittingly they are portraits with a strong contemporary flavour, and the social historian of tomorrow will sense their authenticity.

CRITIC: JOHN  
DAVENPORT 1953





THE  
TATLER

# At three parties

Miss Madge Clarke. This was the 500th charity ball she had organized

Miss Wendy Richardson (far right) with Mr. Nicholas Bowater, son of Sir Eric Bowater



## THE ETON BEAGLES

at the Dorchester



Mrs. R. L. V. ffrench Blake, whose husband farms, with her Etonian son Mr. Neil ffrench Blake

The Master of the Beagles, Mr. Brian Hamilton-Russell, and Miss Valerie Townsend

## THE LYTTTELTON CRUISE

aboard a Thames launch

Mrs. Ian Armit, wife of a musician, and Mrs. Eddie Taylor (top) were guests on the launch Queen Elizabeth

Mr. Humphrey Lyttelton (top picture) with Miss Carole Adler, daughter of harmonica player Larry Adler

At bottom: Miss Elinor Benson-Evans, Mr. Huw Weldon the actor and Mrs. Weldon on the trip down to Greenwich

The Hon. Gerald Lascelles (bottom picture) with Mrs. Humphrey Lyttelton. The party was to launch her husband's book

Van Hallan

## THE SOCIETY OF

Miss Mary Holdsworth, of the ladies' committee, at the Society of Yorkshiremen's cocktail party with Col. Alexander Woods, a past-chairman





Mr. C. Haworth-Booth (a former Master of the Beagles) and Miss Virginia Lyon, one of next year's débutantes. Her parents are Mr. & Mrs. Geoffrey Lyon



Desmond O'Neill

Miss Sally Stucley, youngest daughter of Sir Dennis & Lady Stucley, and Mr. Richard Hamilton-Russell, the Master's brother

## YORKSHIREMEN *aboard H.M.S. Wellington*

Air Chief Marshal Sir Frederick Bowhill, Master of the Honourable Company of Master Mariners

Lady Bowhill, wife of Sir Frederick, with Mr. M. H. Disney, Deputy Clerk of the Master Mariners. The company uses the Wellington as its H.Q.

Mr. Pollard, an accountant, with his wife. They were looking at one of the ship models in which the Wellington, moored on the Thames Embankment, abounds

Van Hallan





GREAT-GRANDDAUGHTER  
of a pirate, Gay Bodden  
perches on a turtle  
weighing nearly 200 lbs.

YOU'LL NEVER REACH HERE—3

## Island of women

—and turtle soup!

EVEN THOUGH THE CAYMANS ARE ON AN AIR ROUTE NOW, THEY'RE STILL A BIT OFF THE BEAT FOR MOST TRAVELLERS. IT'S A PITY, SAYS K. WESTCOTT-JONES

GATHERING PALM-LEAVES for making rope, a local peasant industry. These faces typify mixed descent from African slaves and white pirates

IF YOU WERE to land on Grand Cayman, the largest island in its Caribbean group (and 60 miles from its nearest neighbour), the first thing that would strike you is the number of women. Most of them are good-looking and, rather surprisingly for the Caribbean, the majority are white or near-white. They outnumber male islanders by at least seven to one.

The reason for this unbalance is that Caymanian men are exported—and the export trade in human adult males is this British dependency's main source of income at present. Cayman islanders are among the finest seamen in the world, which makes them sought-after as crews for British and American ships. One United States tanker firm employs more than 1,000 of them. Fortunately for Grand Cayman—and the women they leave behind—they are provided with return tickets by their maritime employers, and usually see their island once a year. They also send a large proportion of their pay home, and it is one of the sights of Grand Cayman to see hundreds of attractive women and girls lined up at the modern post office in Georgetown—the island's tiny capital—on the first Saturday of each month to draw their allotment cheques.

With so few able-bodied men about on the island, no one does much work. No one really needs to. The womenfolk laze on their porch swings, financially better off than almost any other people in the Caribbean.

Until the present decade, the world knew little about the three Cayman isles, except as old smugglers' haunts overrun by turtles, some of which found their way in the form of soup to the Lord Mayor of London's Mansion House banquet. Only ten years ago, Grand Cayman's 6,000 people relied on a tiny Government steamer from Jamaica calling on them about once a month, while the other two islands hoped for a quarterly call by schooner. Then a Welshman named Owen Roberts came on the scene. Backed by capital from Florida, he successfully linked Grand Cayman to the outside world with a Catalina flying-boat service. His plane started from Kingston, Jamaica, and eventually reached Tampa, Florida, by way of a landing near the Colonial Development Corporation's turtle-soup factory on North Sound. Neither the flying-boat service nor the soup factory exist now—the former because it became too successful, the latter because of a lack of mass demand for real turtle soup and perhaps because of bureaucratic control, too.

Owen Roberts couldn't cope with traffic demand with only one flying boat. He had a good airfield built on the flat coral of Grand Cayman, and bought land-planes to give Grand Cayman a lavish service. But the new venture died on its opening day, and Owen Roberts perished with it. His inaugural Lockheed Lodestar crashed on take-off from Palisadoes Airport, Kingston, killing him and most of the distinguished passengers on board.

For three months the Caymans were shut off from all contact except a single visit by the elderly steamer. The islanders went into mourning and wore black for months. The untried airport was named Owen Roberts Field, and a portrait of its founder placed in the administration building, where it is garlanded with flowers every day.



Then British West Indian Airways, a subsidiary of B.O.A.C., opened a service at last to Belize, British Honduras, calling at Grand Cayman on the way. Soon a Costa Rican airline was winging in on the way from San Jose to Miami, and an American called William L. Bigler arrived to start up a local flight to Cayman Brac. On a busy day during the winter months, three airliners may take off within an hour from this sleepy spot. Their passengers? Mostly seamen going back to their ships, and a few tourists.

But planes have not disturbed the Caymans. They remain utterly remote in atmosphere, without telephones, and with only the airport radio link to Jamaica or circling aircraft to make contact with the world at large. The four-cell gaol has only ever had one prisoner—a drunken tourist!

Buccaneers founded Grand Cayman. That accounts for the high proportion of white people. Slaves were never used to any extent over the centuries. The names of people, of bays, and headlands reek of the romance of old-time buccaneers, like Booby Cay, Spanish Bay, Galleon Beach, Old Man Bay, Roger Wreck Point, Gun Bay, and Old Isaacs Lighthouse. Buried treasure is supposed to lie under the sands and coral of Grand Cayman, and probably does; silver coins of Spanish origin are often dug up in small hoards.

The old-time buccaneers may be just a romantic memory, but the island has plenty of modern characters. Cheerful Bennie Ross for instance, prides himself on his buccaneer blood. He works at refuelling aircraft and doubles up as a member of Her Majesty's Customs.

Then there's Captain Ertis, gay and olive-skinned. In business all day and all night, he drives the island's only cab, and works as personal assistant to B.W.I.A.'s manager, changing his uniform cap as circumstances require. He also runs a store selling tarpon-fishing equipment, underwater guns, and lobster progs, and hires himself out for conch-diving expeditions. Both he and Bennie Ross own a fine, sleek sailing vessel, ready at any time to take tourists big-game fishing.

London real-estate agent Benson Greenall arrived soon after Grand Cayman was put on the air map, and established himself with both feet planted on five miles of golden beach. With a glossy hotel in the £15-a-day class and a beach club charging little less, he and his wife cater mainly for the American custom, but they occasionally have a few British visitors who fly over from Jamaica's Golden North Shore, about 200 miles away.

With constant trade winds blowing, a temperature that has never fallen below 65 degrees nor risen above 90, sea water so clear you can see the date on a penny lying 30 feet below the surface, no flies or mosquitoes during the six months' dry season from November to May, and the only taxes a direct levy of eight shillings per year on adult males between 18 and 60 years of age, Grand Cayman may seem as much of a refuge today as it did to the pirates of old.

Yet some cynical or angry person centuries ago gave the name of Hell to the region around the head of the best beach. Some say it was called that by a disgruntled pirate who couldn't remember where he had buried his treasure!



FISHING provides a livelihood for many inhabitants and an attraction for tourists. Top: Making his own "seine" net with string and a special needle. Above: A small sting-ray (or devil-fish) speared among the coral reefs



SHOPPING in the capital is limited to these few stores





THE PLAYBOY (Joe Lynch, right) is scolded by his one-time admirer Pegeen (Una Collins) after his exposure, to the pleasure of her rejected lover Shawn (Milo O'Shea)

## THEATRE

# Synge and song don't mix

by ANTHONY COOKMAN

THEY HAVE FOUND a happy title—*The Heart's A Wonder*—for the musical version of Synge's *The Playboy Of The Western World*. It is attractively apt to the spirit of a blithe experiment which Miss Nuala O'Farrell and Miss Mairin O'Farrell have managed with taste and charm. They have tricked out the ironic and eloquent peasant comedy with traditional Irish airs in the manner of a ballad opera, and their work, after making a hit in Dublin, is at the Westminster inviting a more detached judgment. Whatever London's verdict may be, it will carry my vote. This is a piece

which I am as ready to commend warmly as to curse heartily.

There are two quite different publics to be considered. If you belong to the one that lightly welcomes an evening of Irish nostalgia expressed in tactfully chosen songs and a little discreet dancing you will be charmed. The songs are gentle, homely, gay, sad and tender, and are sung with spirit. The singers are picturesquely got up as peasants who well become with their droll airs and Doric graces a setting that has the well scrubbed look of a poster designed to attract tourists to the West of Ireland. Between

songs the singers become actors engaged in exploring the comedy of the weakling with a marvellous gift of the gab who learns to his cost that "there's a great gap between a gallous (gallant) story and a dirty deed." When it is believed that he has had the daring to kill his own father he becomes overnight the wonder of a whole village; but the awed men and the adoring girls are alike struck with horror and contempt when he attempts to do the heroic deed in real earnest and under their very eyes. Facts are ugly things; it is the playboy's power of soaring away from the facts on wonderfully winged words that has given him his glory in the eyes of the girls and of Pegeen Mike, the barmaid he has particularly beglamoured.

The company cope quite remarkably well with responsibilities that are divided between the songs and the play. Miss Una Collins is a good-looking, fiery-hearted Pegeen who sings sweetly. Mr. Joe Lynch finds time to put over something of the truth about the playboy, which is that he cares not a rap for Pegeen, or even for the love which he extols to the stars, but only for the words love uses and in which he has such a marvellous facility. Mr. Milo O'Shea makes a delightful music hall sketch of Pegeen's loutish local lover. Mr. Denis Carey has directed it all with the lightest possible touch, and as a brightly decorated entertainment *The Heart's A Wonder* is to be warmly recommended for its liveliness, tunefulness and lilting Irish gaiety.

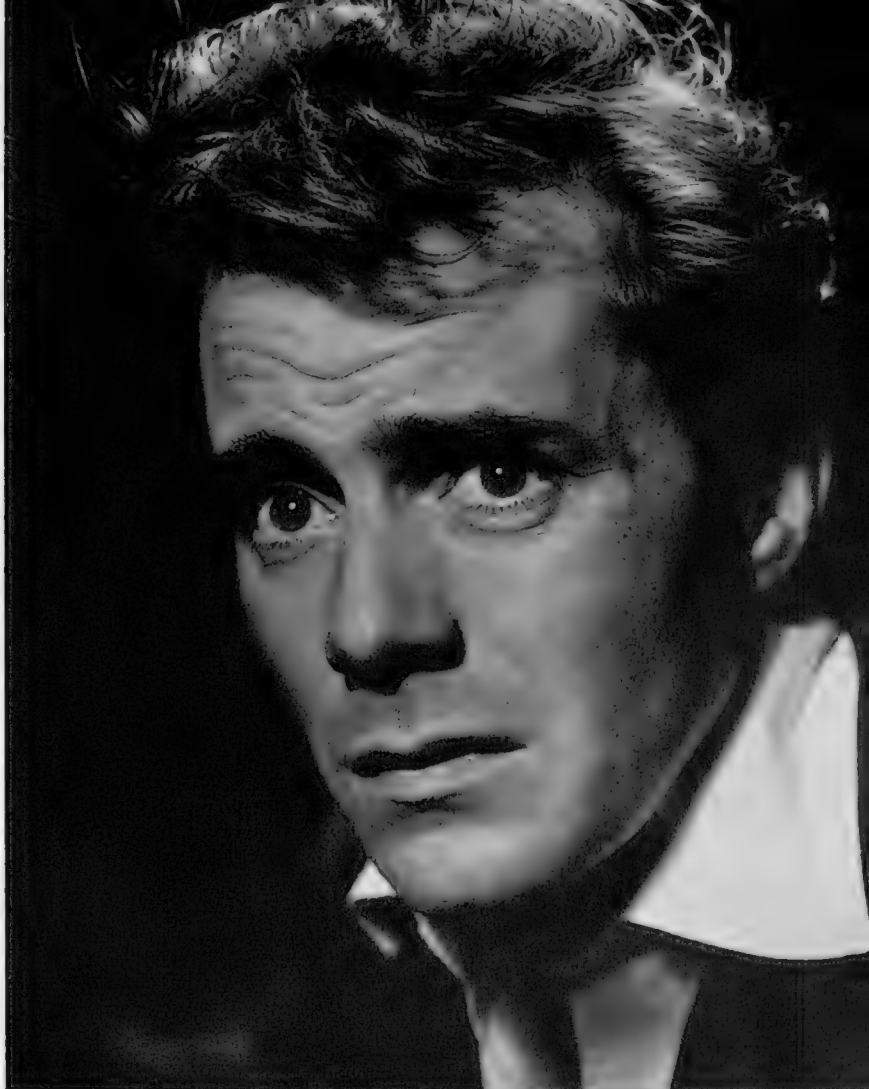
Yet admirers of Synge must be warned that the very things that give their neighbours most pleasure will cause them to curse the whole undertaking. They will go to the Westminster supposing that if *The Playboy* has been turned into ballad opera the ballads will be of sufficient dramatic character to supply a reinforcing strength to the comedy. This, they will find, is not so. The ballads have been filled as far as possible with Synge's own words, but the music (though chosen with taste from Celtic traditional airs) adds nothing to the words. It merely spoils them. What makes *The Playboy* one of the finest of peasant comedies is the rhythm and melody of Synge's elaborately patterned prose. Whenever the actors break from dialogue into song the rhythm of the play is roughly broken, and the business of getting back to it when the song is finished is so difficult that purists are left to mourn a beautiful comedy laid waste. This will be the more exasperating if their experience happens to accord with my own. I have seen *The Playboy* done by all sorts of companies, amateur as well as professional, and had, perhaps rashly, formed the opinion that it was virtually indestructible as a piece for the theatre. Clearly I was wrong. It can stand good, bad and indifferent acting. Against a long succession of musical interruptions it finally wilts. My own pleasure in what my neighbours obviously regarded as a delightful evening of song and dance was almost totally destroyed by the sense of a comedy possessing verbal music richly sufficient to itself struggling for life in the background. The merits of *The Heart's A Wonder* as a light musical diversion are undeniable; but as a musical version of *The Playboy* it seems to me to have little merit, and to be indeed wholly unnecessary.



TWO FARMERS (Peter Dix and Dermot Kelly) start to dance a lively reel in front of the astonished Widow Quin (Ann O'Dwyer)

## *Due in the West End soon*

*Anouilh's early play Jezebel had its British première in Oxford, with Hermione Baddeley and Dirk Bogarde. But Bogarde will be unable, owing to film commitments, to be in the London cast*



Kenny Parker

## *Tonight at the Savoy*

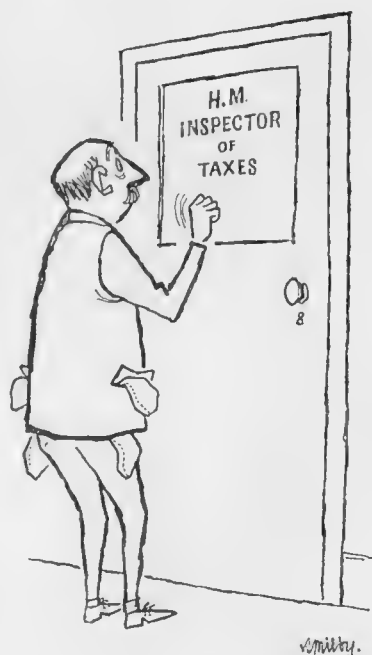
*Jack Popplewell's new comedy is A Day In The Life Of . . . (John Mallorie). Here are the four women in John Mallorie's life: his wife (Pamela Lane, standing), his secretary (Gabrielle Hamilton), his mother (Amy Dalby), and his mistress (Therese Burton)*



Michael Boys



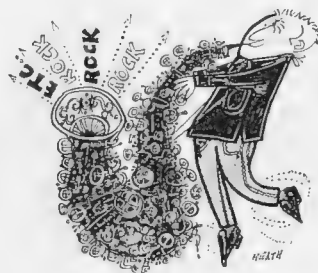
## Smile spot



## RECORDS

### A trumpeter's tale

by GERALD LASCELLES



NOT CONTENT with the full-time job of leading one of Britain's top jazz bands, Humphrey Lyttelton finds time to write books. His latest, *Second Chorus* (MacGibbon & Kee, 15s.) proves to have an even stronger jazz background than the first instalment of his autobiography *I Play As I Please*. His gift for the printed anecdote makes him essentially readable, and his swift humour is something sadly lacking from most books on this subject.

I admire Humphrey Lyttelton for his frankness on such controversial questions as his change of style—from traditional to mainstream—and the subsequent disposal of his fan following; for his positive assessment of certain tribal pursuits and occupational hazards as a band-leader. I view with surprise the unnecessary length with which he justifies his new approach to music. A man of his standing can stand by such convictions without a printed analysis to support them. The high spot is his brilliant personal appraisal of Louis Armstrong. Humphrey does not yield to the publicity blurb beloved of the average journalist nor to the mass hypnosis accepted by Satchmo's fans. Instead, he treats the trumpet god as

an individual musician, and discusses openly his qualities and idiosyncrasies.

I surmise that mere coincidence backs the arrival of Decca's first Lyttelton release. Most of these tracks were recorded around the end of 1957, when Lyttelton's band was thoroughly settled after its various changes in personnel. This period coincided with the band's first tour in company with blues singer Jimmy Rushing, that tower of vocal strength who came from Kansas City and the solid upbringing of Moten and Basie. There can be little doubt that Rushing's performance gave added inspiration to the group, which never sounded better. Here you will find Humphrey in three guises—as leader of a Paseo group, as soloist in front of a big band brought about by the amalgamation of his own and the

front line of the Don Rendell group, and as leader of his conventional seven-piece band. The recording is not of the quality I associate with Decca, but it provides a chance to hear just how Lyttelton has transformed his band to its present exciting form.

It is appropriate to record that the Lyttelton band tours Germany with Rushing for 10 days before they start their British tour on October 2. Featured on the same bill during their two-day appearance at the Leeds Festival (October 14 & 15), will be Johnny Dankworth and his band, Britain's top big jazz band.

With appropriate emphasis on the blues, another great American singer makes his British début at the Leeds Festival—Muddy Waters. Although born and bred in the Deep South before the First World War, it was not until he moved to Chicago in 1949 that he achieved recording recognition. His style is pure blues and, like the late Big Bill Broonzy, he accompanies himself on guitar. Muddy Waters will be featured at Leeds with an all-star "Jazz Today" unit led by trumpeter Kenny Baker.

With the exception of the Lyttelton release, my selection this week is devoted to blues and other folk singers. The Muddy Waters E.P. was released three years ago.

## SELECTED RECORDS

HUMPHREY LYTTELTON	<i>I Play As I Please</i>	12-in. L.P.	Decca LK4267	£1 15s. 10d.
JIMMY RUSHING	<i>The Way I Feel</i>	E.P.	Parlophone GEP8695	11s. 1½d.
MUDDY WATERS	<i>Mississippi Blues</i>	E.P.	London RE-U1060	12s. 10½d.
LEROY CARR	<i>Treasures of North American Negro Music, Vol. I</i>	E.P.	Fontana TFE17051	12s. 10½d.
SONNY TERRY & BROWNIE MCGHEE	<i>Sonny, Brownie And Chris</i>	10-in. L.P.	Nixa NJT515,	£1 7s. 10d.
MARIE KNIGHT	<i>Songs Of The Gospel</i>	12-in. L.P.	Mercury MPL6546	£1 15s. 10d.



## DICKENS OPERA ON TV

Arthur Benjamin's opera based on Charles Dickens's *A Tale Of Two Cities* will be produced on B.B.C. television tomorrow. Amy Shuard (left) will play Madame Defarge. Right: John Cameron will be Sydney Carton, Gaynor Lewis the young Countess, and Enid Lindsey the old Marquise



## CINEMA

# Convicts in colour clash

by ELSPETH GRANT

**A**LORRY carrying chain-gang prisoners back to the jail through a stormy night crashes. Two men, manacled together with a four-foot length of chain between them, leap from it and make off into the dark, drenched woods. They are a white man, Mr. Tony Curtis, and a Negro, Mr. Sidney Poitier. The local sheriff, Mr. Theodore Bikel, organizes a posse to help the police recapture the fugitives. He is a humane man and orders that the killer dogs used for tracking shall be kept on the leash. This is disappointing to the members of the posse, who had hoped for a little fun.

"How come a white man chained to a nigger?" somebody asks, curiously. Mr. Bikel replies flatly: "The warden has a sense of humour. And he says don't worry if you don't catch up with them right away—they'll kill each other before they've gone five miles." That is how Mr. Stanley Kramer's grim and powerful film, *The Defiant Ones*, opens and that is how it continues—with less emphasis on actual physical brutality than on chilling mental cruelty, I mean on the desire to inflict pain and humiliation and to encourage racial prejudice in all its bitterness and violence.

Though they hate the colour of each other's skins, and snarl and fight, neither convict makes a move to murder the other—but this is only because it's better to have a live man than a dead one at the other end of the chain. Mr. Curtis saves Mr. Poitier from drowning in a swollen river, Mr. Poitier hauls Mr. Curtis to safety from a clinging clay pit and the hatred between them seems to grow.

Caught while robbing a mining settlement store one night, they narrowly escape lynching—and their animosity increases. It is only after they have released themselves from the chain that they discover a bond between them. When the lonely woman (Miss Cara Williams) who has given them shelter tells Mr. Poitier of a short cut to the railway through the swamps, and later admits to Mr. Curtis that she has sent the Negro to certain death in the quicksands, the white man rounds on her furiously, risks

being shot by her little son and sets off to rescue his . . . is the word friend? I do not know, but at least when the posse catches up with the two men they are no longer enemies. Messrs. Curtis and Poitier give the best performances of their careers so far in this well directed and timely picture.

### THIS WEEK'S FILMS

**THE DEFIANT ONES**—Tony Curtis, Sidney Poitier, Theodore Bikel, Cara Williams. Produced and directed by Stanley Kramer.

**THE PROUD REBEL**—Olivia de Havilland, Alan Ladd, David Ladd. Directed by Michael Curtiz.

**A CERTAIN SMILE**—Rossano Brazzi, Joan Fontaine, Bradford Dillman, Christine Carere. From the Francoise Sagan novel. Directed by Jean Negulesco.

**CARRY ON, SERGEANT**—William Hartnell, Bob Monkhouse, Kenneth Connor, Dora Bryan, Shirley Eaton. Directed by Gerald Thomas.

**ROCKETS GALORE**—Jeannie Carson, Donald Sinden, Roland Culver, Noel Purcell, Duncan Macrae, Ian Hunter. Directed by Michael Relph.

Mr. Alan Ladd has the title rôle in *The Proud Rebel*. A Southerner, he travels north to Illinois in search of a doctor who will be able to restore the power of speech, lost through shock, to his small son. Though most of the Northerners are somewhat hostile—it's not so long since the Civil War—Mr. Ladd is befriended by an independent and resolute woman farmer, Miss Olivia de Havilland giving a fine performance in a wind-blown rôle that one would scarcely have thought was for her.

Mr. Ladd goes to work on her farm and is her ally against the neighbouring sheepmen who covet her land. The ending is a trifle too melodramatic but on the whole this is a healthy, brisk, open-air film, admirably directed by Mr. Michael Curtiz. Eleven-year-old Master David Ladd, Mr. Ladd's son, plays the young boy with considerable vivacity—drawing an occasional flash of animation, a brief fond look, from his dead-pan Pa—and there is a dazzling

display of efficiency from a canine named King as a working sheepdog.

The screen version of Mlle. Sagan's *A Certain Smile*, lavishly set in Paris and, inevitably, on the Riviera, deals with the clandestine affair of an 18-year-old girl, Mlle. Christine Carere, and a middle-aged philanderer, Signor Rossano Brazzi. It seems to promise something titillating in the way of lechery in luxury, sin in the sunshine, and so on. As a matter of fact, it is all as passionless as an egg. The story, slicked over with a sugar glaze, does not give the director, M. Jean Negulesco, a chance to bring the characters to life—and the variety of accents in which all the principals speak English enhances the atmosphere of artificiality.

Mlle. Carere has a devoted boy friend, Mr. Bradford Dillman—and Signor Brazzi has an ever-loving wife, Miss Joan Fontaine, who has been kind to the young girl, but Mlle. Carere, a declared existentialist, *wants* to have an affair with Signor Brazzi. Her motto is "do what you want to do—and if somebody gets hurt, well, no matter." According to the film, it's Mlle. Carere who gets hurt. As far as I am concerned, that is just one of the risks such irresponsible and predatory minxes must be prepared to take. She'll get over it, soon enough.

Mr. William Hartnell brings a touch of pathos to *Carry On, Sergeant*—a modest comedy about National Servicemen which deploys most of the barrack-room and parade-ground clichés with an intent to disarm. Before his retirement, Mr. Hartnell would like for once to be responsible for training a Star Squad—but it looks as if his ambition will never be achieved for his last batch of trainees are what is described as "a shower of gumps" (I trust you speak the language?).

Though an awkward lot, they are not ill-natured and having decided that the sergeant's not a bad old so-and-so, they put their noses to the grindstone, shoulders to the wheel, etc., and win the Star Squad award for him. Mr. Kenneth Connor is a wonderfully weedy hypochondriac, Mr. Kenneth Williams a devastating prig, and Miss Dora Bryan (in the NAAFI) an absolute duck.

Nowhere touching the comedy heights of *Whisky Galore!*, *Rockets Galore*—telling how the islanders sabotaged a plan to build a rocket base on the Isle of Todday—still has its deliciously satirical moments and, with splendid scenery finely photographed, is a pleasure to look at.



STANLEY  
PARKER  
DRAWS

## Storm Jameson

*With a telephone number ex-directory and a house in Connaught Place which is barred to the public, Storm Jameson (Mrs. Guy Chapman) would appear to be completely immured. But in fact the lady is gregarious and would like to live in trans-continental trains, ocean liners and hotels. For preference she would never write another line; she would have liked to become a professor and only started producing books because there are so few things one can do to make money while raising a family. Her latest A Ulysses Too Many (Macmillan's) will appear while she is in Las Palmas*



### BOOKS I AM READING

## Life the day before yesterday

by SIRIOL HUGH-JONES

ANYONE making rash, offensive generalizations about historical novels (as opposed to costume fiction) might say that the whole business was becoming more professional nowadays, with more source-documents consulted and less "la-sir-i" faithery" to pad out the cracks. Outposts of the Holy Roman Empire, obscure revolutions in South America, and the darkest possible crannies of the Dark Ages are probably even now being faithfully explored, and the most popular mode of the moment is the intensely scholarly fiction—autobiography or memoirs of classical personages.

Costume fiction, on the other hand, gallops gallantly along in a remarkably unchanging manner in a flurry of bosoms and unruly curls and lascivious whisperings in milady's boudoir, and concerns itself mainly with the Rakish Regency, the Terrible Tudors and that dogged seducer, through page after

page, the poor dear Merry Monarch. Apart from occasional background-colour forays into the stews, suburbs, taverns and bordellos, costume fiction is almost wholly concerned with *le high-life*, though an occasional irresistible serving-wench may marry (for love) above her station, having evaded seduction in every other chapter.

This week I have three historical novels, of different kinds. **The Widow Of Pilate** (Hutchinson, 15s.), by Elena Bono—in an admirable swift, sinewy and sure translation by Isobel Quigly—is a remarkable novel, totally absorbing, intensely imagined. The first part of the book, the less successful though vivid enough, is a piece of what might be called historical reporting on the circumstances of the Crucifixion, concentrating on the mob violence, the dark political complications, the brutality and horror of the customary military regulations.

The second part, which takes place years later in Rome, is largely a prolonged duologue between Claudia, Pilate's widow, tortured and haunted by a terrible apprehension of "the Galilean," his suffering, his truth, and the inexplicable catastrophe that overtook her husband, and Seneca, wise, cultivated, disabused, and now old.

The extended discussion between the two is closely argued, varied, highly intelligent, and creates a whole group of vital, thinking people. The manner is smooth and modern, in contemporary colloquial speech, reminiscent of the civilized, inviting chronicle Wilder created in *The Ides Of March*.

The writer succeeds in involving herself—and therefore the reader—with two complex people at a time of crisis in their lives, and this second section of the book has an extraordinary tension. I heartily recommend it.

What is it that makes women such expert practitioners of historical novels and thrillers, when all they are traditionally supposed to be good at is slim, sensitive, acid little analyses of domestic infelicities?

**As The Bee Falls**, by Doris Leslie (Hodder & Stoughton, 16s.), is Tudor and decidedly grim in tone, as it is now the thing to see those desperate times through spectacles *noir* rather than *rose*. The book is subtitled "1537-1553," so you know precisely where you are. The hero is Philip Pugh, page to Jane Seymour and to Henry's next three wives, and Gentleman-in-Waiting to Edward VI, so history fairly whisks by in

315 packed pages, taking in Kett's Rebellion into the bargain.

The foreground plot, however, concerns Philip's fortunes and his thwarted love for Locosa, a spirited minx with white teeth and a "small, heart-shaped face," who, for some reason I did not quite follow, marries an unsavoury person named Gyukes, who goes mad and to whom she resolutely remains faithful.

Kett's Rising came over to me lively and real, but I found it hard to maintain a great deal of interest in Philip and his Locosa, however spirited. I am also, probably quite unreasonably, put off by some pronounced stylistic mannerisms through the book, such as the arbitrary splitting of direct speech. ("Then you can take," said the King, "this order from me.") So many dazzling tributes to Miss Leslie's other books are quoted on the jacket and at the end of this novel that anyone not wishing to feel like the wicked fairy at the christening must tip-toe quietly away and leave it at that.

**Husband For Victoria**, by the irrepressible Vaughan Wilkins (Cape, 15s.) is the weirdest extravaganza I have come across for some time. It leaps recklessly headlong across the boundary line into costume fiction. It concerns the rumour that Prince Albert was illegitimate and half-Jewish, and takes in a little trifling poisoning, black magic, and a deformed baby bottled in preserving fluid by its dotty father. More or less everyone is related, legitimately, illegitimately, or by marriage, to everybody else, the narrative skids along like a thing possessed, and every page is so crammed with further complications and what seemed to me fabulous improbabilities that, should you but pause for a desperately needed cup of black coffee, all may well be lost and you must begin again from the beginning in yet another attempt to get everybody sorted out.

Those who have heads strong enough for Mr. Wilkins's peculiar brew will not be dissuaded anyway. For me, life is too short, and my anxiety about Albert's parentage less keen than ever.

Lastly, let me shout aloud for **Crossing The Line** (MacGibbon & Kee, 18s.), Claud Cockburn's second volume of superb reminiscences, which takes him up to life in Ireland and writing a film for John Huston. Mr. Cockburn is a card, an individualist, a man of formidable powers who goes his own way. He is also a journalist (one who, as far as I am concerned, gives the trade a good name), and writes the most muscular prose of exquisite, spare clarity. If this volume does not have quite the exuberant vitality and firework brilliance of the first, it is maybe only because nothing could ever live up to such a predecessor. All I hope is that Mr. Cockburn, the deeply serious harlequin, the committed joker and conscience-keeper and wild man of the political woods, will live a long, long time and keep the autobiography spinning along.

#### I liked these

##### TITLES FROM RECENT REVIEWS

THE VOYAGE HOME by Ernst Schnabel (Gollancz, 13s. 6d.). PLEASE DON'T EAT THE DAISIES by Jean Kerr (Heinemann, 10s. 6d.). DOCTOR ZHIVAGO by Boris Pasternak (Collins and Harvill Press, 21s.).



Baron Studios

**Miss Delia Mary Pearson to Capt. Lord Napier & Ettrick:** She is the younger daughter of Mr. & Mrs. A. D. B. Pearson, of Upper Sattenham, Milford, Surrey. He is the elder son of the late Lord Napier & Ettrick



Fayer

**Miss Georgina Davis to Lt. L. M. M. Saunders, R.N.:**

She is the elder daughter of Admiral Sir William & Lady Davis, Cogan House, Longhope, Gloucestershire. He is the eldest son of Capt. & Mrs. L. S. Saunders, Bloomfield Terrace, S.W.1



Lenaro

**Miss Carolyn Jane Macgregor to Lt. Ronald Shannan Stevenson:**

She is the only daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Iain Macgregor, Rock Lodge, Scaynes Hill, Sussex. He is the eldest son of Cdr. & Mrs. Shannan Stevenson, White Hall, Haughton-le-Skerne, Darlington



Fayer

**Miss Jennifer Robinson to Mr. Ian Hugh Philipps:**

She is the elder daughter of Mr. & Mrs. H. Freeman Robinson, Old Forge, Little Hallingbury, Essex. He is the elder son of Dr. & Mrs. F. A. Philipps, of Blanchepierre, Jersey



Vendyk

**Miss Jennifer Le Mare to Lt.-Cdr. Alan W. M. Collyer, R.N. (retd.):**

She is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. G. Le Mare, St. Mary's Grange, Easthorpe, nr. Colchester. He is the son of the late Mr. & Mrs. F. C. Collyer, Ford, Kent





Many of the models  
from the couture  
collections are now  
available in exact  
and authentic copies

## THE PARIS CUT

**T**ODAY every London fashion store of any standing sends its buyers to the Collections in Paris, Rome and Florence. From among the thousands of models seen they choose several to suit the tastes of their customers, paying vast sums for the right to copy them exactly. On these two pages, and on page 38, are some of the Paris clothes at Debenham & Freebody

*Right:* Dior's dress in a blue-and-navy French tweed with a high bustline and loosely pleated skirt tapering to the hemline. Note the rounded shoulder line, the scooped-out *décolleté* neckline—all pointers to today's fashion. The lengthened hemline, shown here, was particular to the House of Dior. Every other designer in Paris kept their hems just below the knee.

*Above:* Worn with the dress is a jacket giving the ensemble the appearance of a suit. Note the short jacketline, the wide placing of the buttons, the collar cut in one with the jacket and the cuffless threequarter length sleeves. This two-piece can be copied to your own requirements in Debenham's Small Women's Department in various materials.



*Photographed in Paris by  
PETER CLARK*

## London stores

The latest line in furs (*right*) from the collection of Lanvin-Castillo. This coat in grey broadtail, trimmed with sapphire mink, has a high loosely gathered waistline, rounded shoulders falling into full sleeves caught in at the cuff, and a hemline which just covers the knee. This coat can be ordered at Debenhams' Fur Department as the original, or in black broadtail with sapphire-mink collar and cuffs. Photographed in Paris in front of the Madeleine





## THE PARIS CUT

in London

*continued*



This black velvet sheath (*left*) with huge puffed sleeves reminiscent of the reign of William IV shows that not every dress in Paris has the high Empire bustline. From the collection of Pierre Balmain, the designer who has one of the largest private clienteles in Paris. He has long been noted for his elegant and essentially feminine evening dresses. This model can be made to order in the Gainsborough Room at Debenham & Freebody, London. Photographed in the foyer of the Hotel George V

*Above:* Also made to order in the Gainsborough Room are copies of this short evening dress by Anna Maria Fannuchi of Rome. The dress, which is in pure silk chiffon, intricately tucked and draped, can be made in any colour. Here it is in its original flamingo photographed by Peter Clark in the Roman sunshine

# THE ITALIAN CUT

is in London, too

Photographs by MICHEL MOLINARE



**R**EADY-MADE models from Italian couture Houses are imported by Woollands of Knightsbridge and sold in their Boutique. They offer the woman who wants to be exclusive a chance to buy a dress, coat or suit that she will certainly not meet anywhere else in London—for only one copy of each model is imported. *Above:* From Luciani of Rome a coat in heavy white-and-black flecked tweed with a huge belt stopping short of the front panel. Its open neckline is filled with agate-coloured Italian beads, its sleeves have the chopped-off look, so frequent this season. The black velvet stovepipe hat is also from Luciani. The coat is part of an ensemble. Its companion dress (not shown here) is of black crêpe, high-waisted with a correspondingly open neckline.

*Left:* A "little dress" in a heavy black-silk ottoman; the neckline, which plunges to the high waistline at the back, is bordered with black satin. The bodice gives the effect of a bolero in front and the skirt buttons down to the hem. Another Luciani of Rome model.

The abstract paintings are the work of the Australian artist Daryl Hill, who used to work as an assistant to Henry Moore. They were photographed at his exhibition held recently at The Waddington Galleries, London.



More International  
Fashion models  
obtainable in  
London

## CONTINENTAL STYLE

Also photographed by Michel Molinare  
at Daryl Hill's exhibition



*Left:* A dinner dress in fine black-wool crêpe, the neckline outlined with bunched velvet ribbons. Price: 49½ gns. Imported from the House Fontana, Rome, and on sale at the Fontana Boutique, Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge. Order in special sizes can be executed and dispatched from Rome within three weeks. The headpiece also from Fontana (black spotted silk net mounted on a circle of diamanté), costs 15½ gns. The artist Daryl Hill.

*Opposite:* Café-au-lait corded silk dress, sleeveless, with a ruched hemline and a deep décolleté back. Its jacket is opulently lined with white ermine. A dress seen in Paris and interpreted in London by Rima. It is obtainable at Cresta, Sloane Street. With the hood lined with white mohair instead of the ermine the price for both dress and jacket is about 60 gns.



*Left:* Another dress which has crossed the Channel from Paris. A short sheath of tan-coloured silk chiffon mounted on silk and closely fitting the body. It has an overskirt falling from the tightly gathered neckline. Interpreted here by Frank Usher and obtainable at Woollands, Knightsbridge, in tan or red. Price: about 15 gns.







MANY OLDER WOMEN do not take easily to radical changes in fashion, particularly when it comes to tailoring. So the conventional English suit, with its long fitted jacket, high revers and straight skirt, will probably always be with us. A specialist in top-quality suits such as these is Edward Allen, who does not forget that many short women have large measurements. He chooses materials of excellent quality, many of which are exclusive to his House. Both the Edward Allen suits shown here can be bought at Debenham & Freebody, London, and Joshua Taylor, Cambridge. Sizes 38, 40, 42 cost approximately 25 gns.; size 44, 27 gns. They can also be made in size 46 to order, costing 29 gns., from Debenham & Freebody.

*Opposite:* This suit is made of worsted in a muted black-and-blue check. The hat in lime-green stitched velvet comes from Debenham & Freebody (price : £16 19s. 6d.), as does the sportshide Italian pochette (price £4 10s.). Brown fabric gloves by Kayser Bondor.

*Below:* This suit, severely tailored on classical lines in a fine checked worsted, blue and black flecked with red, has a double inverted back pleat to give complete ease in walking. The hat, in grey Persian Lamb, costs 26½ gns.; the earrings 15s.; and the saddle-stitched sportshide handbag from Italy (shown in detail above left) 5 gns. The bag is made here in tan and beige. All at Debenham & Freebody, London. Leather mushroom-coloured gloves by Pullman.

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Photographs by  
Peter Alexander







Postage stamps and parts of used envelopes (35s. 3d. a yard) decorate the French chintz on the *left*. Victorian French fashion plates are used on the chintz *above*, which is printed in pastel colours on an off-white ground (35s. 3d. a yard). Maples

## SHOPPING

# Colour in chintz

by JEAN STEELE



Framed plates of exotic butterflies make up the design of this chintz (*left*) (27s. 9d. per yard). The chintz (*right*) has a pattern depicting part of the Champs-Élysées (35s. 3d.)



Dennis Smith



There are colourful birds on the chintz *above* (29s. 6d. a yard) and roses by Redouté on the *right* (30s. 9d. a yard)

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John Dudley

Roman fire is Richard Henry's name for two of his new hair styles. The swathed fringe (left) can be brushed backwards, sideways or forwards

## BEAUTY

# Food for face and figure

by JEAN CLELAND

SOMEONE once said: "You are what you eat." Your outward appearance is largely controlled by the sort of food you consume.

This was brought home to me this year when on holiday in Spain. While the heat of the sun dried my hair so much that only frequent applications of conditioning cream prevented it from looking like tow, the hair of the Spanish women—exposed to the same conditions—remained enviably (and most irritatingly) shiny and sleek.

I remarked on this to a chemist. "The answer is simple," he said. "It is the result of oil in the food. Much Spanish cooking is done with oil, and this has its effect on the hair and the skin, both of which, in spite of the sun, tend to be oily. On the other hand, people who, in the interests of slimming, cut out oils and fats from their diet, often find that their hair gets brittle and their skin dry, even in England, where the sun so rarely shines. The greatest influence comes from within."

On reaching home, I pursued this subject further, for right on the top of a pile of correspondence, were two new editions of some excellent little books issued by Energen. One is called *Sane Slimming* and the other *Energen Guide to Nutrition*.

In *Sane Slimming*, a comprehensive and reliable 18-day slimming diet gives a complete menu for each of the 18 days. In addition there is an attractive collection of recipes by Jean Concil which can be substituted for the main dishes given in the diet.

The *Guide to Nutrition* gives a lot of interesting information with regard to food, and tells you about such vital things as vitamins and mineral salts, and how, together with calcium and iron, they contribute to your health and your looks. It also tells you what disasters can befall through the lack of them.

To quote a few: Vitamin A protects the skin. It is particularly beneficial for a dry skin. It is good for the sight, and it is interesting to note that during the last war, large doses of it were given to our fighter pilots to enable them to see more easily in the dark. Lack of it causes lowered resistance to disease, a dry and roughened skin, eye changes, &c., &c.

Vitamin B helps to keep the hair and the complexion in good condition. Lack of it sometimes leads to the development of a certain form of neuritis. Vitamin C is necessary for the development of teeth and healthy gums, and for the red blood cells. Vitamin D assists the growth and formation of bones and teeth, and is specially needed

by the growing child and expectant mother. Sun acting on the skin can cause Vitamin D to form in the body, so that if children get plenty of sunshine, they will need less vitamin D in their diet.

Sources from which the various vitamins can be obtained are given in different lists, and clearly set out so that it is easy to see at a glance the various foods from whence they can be had. You can also see which foods provide the greatest amount of calcium, and which are richest in iron, both so essential to good health and particularly necessary in the case of expectant mothers.

Towards the end of the book there are some useful cookery hints. For example: Thicken gravy of stews with sieved vegetables instead of potatoes or flour. Don't boil saccharine with stewed fruit—add it after cooking, while the juice is still hot.

Both the Energen books can be had from Energen Foods Co. Ltd., Pound Lane, London, N.W.10.

Before leaving the question of vitamins, I wonder if you have tried Robinson's *Sicilian Lemon Juice*. It contains vitamin C. This is good for healthy teeth and gums, and for the healing of wounds and infection. In addition it plays a vital rôle in many of the normal chemical processes of the body, and hence, contributes to the general vigour and well-being. People taking an ordinary diet get vitamin C in potatoes, but when, on account of slimming, potatoes are cut out because of their starch content, one source of vitamin C is removed. It should therefore be replaced by others, an excellent one being lemon juice. Robinson's Sicilian Lemon Juice contains vitamin C to the level which occurs in lemons before they are squeezed. One wineglassful provides the equivalent of the average adult requirement for the day.

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## MOTORING

## Jack up—and break the screen

by GORDON WILKINS

**D**ID YOU HEAR about Charlie and the customer who had a puncture?" asked the garage man.

"No," said I, "but I'll buy it." Charlie, I should explain, is one of our more successful friends in the trade, agent for a make which has adopted a deeply curved windscreen.

"This one will kill you," said the garage man.

"The customer came in with his new car. Windscreen completely shattered. Said he'd had a puncture on a rough bit of road, jacked it up to change the wheel and the windscreen just broke in pieces. Charlie wouldn't wear that one. Said surely it must have been a stone that hit the screen while he was driving. So the customer said: 'If you don't believe me, why don't you take a new car, jack it up and see what happens?' Charlie thought that was fair enough. So he took a new car out of the showroom, jacked it up and the windscreen broke in ten thousand pieces. The customer said: 'Well that's that. Now let's try the next one.' But Charlie was already composing a letter to the works.

"All sorts of interesting things happen with some of these unit-construction jobs. Had a man in who's just spent his holiday towing a caravan round Devon and Cornwall. Must have been a heavy van, because the car seems to have stretched a bit. It's longer and lower than it was and the rear doors don't open any more. The makers say the guarantee doesn't cover it.

"But this summer the main trouble hasn't been stretching or shrinking—just plain leaking. Customer brought in his car last week. Only had it a few weeks. Water slopping about in the footwells. Fool of a

salesman said: 'Well, sir, all you need now is a few goldfish.' Didn't go down at all well.

"Then you press fellows write up a test car which has been specially prepared and say it doesn't leak. It doesn't present a true picture."

"On the contrary," I said. "You'd be surprised how often we sit with the water dripping over our feet and slopping round our luggage just like the paying customers. And while a press car with good detail finish may be normal production standard or only the result of special preparation, it does suggest that the manufacturer has some regard for his reputation. But if a manufacturer hands over a leaky or badly finished car for a press test, one tends to think he must be past caring."

The precautions taken to eliminate body leakages vary from one factory to another. Some of our most successful foreign com-



petitors spray test or hose down every car. Some factories in Britain do likewise, but there are other makes where nine out of ten cars leave the factory without any leakage test of any kind. This can be taken to show either superb faith in the product or a lack of imagination. The agents, who have to rectify any defects, can usually say which.

## They're at it again at Andoversford

The A40 trunk-road traffic between London and South Wales has been held up by a new bout of scratching and scraping under one of the railway bridges at Andoversford, where the latest of several expensive reconstruction schemes was completed only a few months ago. The money already wasted in fiddling with the danger spots in this village would have made a handsome contribution to the cost of the by-pass which will still have to be built in the end.

## THE BABIES ARE GROWING UP

HERE ARE two examples of the way the German baby cars are growing up: the Lloyd Alexander TS and the Goggomobil 700.

The Goggomobil (*right*) will be seen at the London Motor Show. It has a 682 c.c. 30 horsepower flat twin four-stroke air-cooled engine at the front driving the rear wheels, unlike previous models which have been 300 or 400 c.c. two-stroke engines at the rear. The body is a full four-seater and the spare wheel is carried under the bonnet, leaving the trunk entirely free for luggage.

All four speeds have synchromesh. 68 m.p.h. and 54 m.p.g. are claimed.

The Lloyd (*left*), already made under licence in Australia, has front-wheel drive by a 596 c.c. two-cylinder overhead camshaft engine replacing earlier models with 250 and 400 c.c. two-stroke engines. The Touring Sport model has a high compression engine giving 29 horsepower and new rear suspension by coil springs which is said to give better road holding and leave space for a wider rear seat. The makers claim it will cruise at 70 and do 45-50 m.p.g.



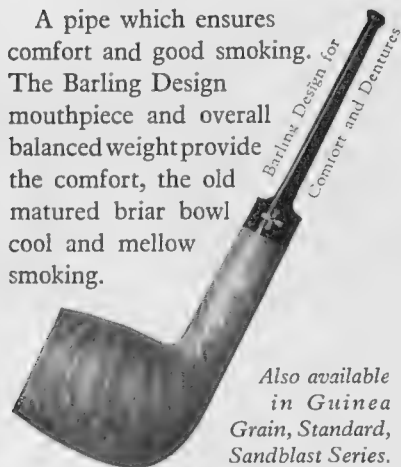


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## DINING OUT

### Where the Gaiety lives again

by ISAAC BICKERSTAFF

I WENT FOR the first time to The Victoria Tavern, Strathearn Place, off Hyde Park Square, W.2. I had heard all sorts of stories about this "pub" that upstairs there was a bar which was an exact replica of the old Gaiety Theatre bar in miniature, and that many of the fittings had come from the theatre itself. I had heard there was a small but excellent panelled dining-room with a short, sensible menu specializing in steaks, chops, roast chicken and duck, and a wine list to match at reasonable prices; also that they served oysters in the downstairs bar (small Whitstable No. 3's) for the astonishing price of 5s. per dozen.

All this I found to be true. The whole tavern is filled with souvenirs of the Gay Nineties—even the entrance door to the "Theatre Bar" is half of the original door through which King Edward VII used to enter.

Lupino Lane's personal scrapbook is on the counter and when closing time arrives, down comes a safety curtain—another miniature replica of the original.

What I did not expect to find was that the landlord, John Hussey, who has packed the place with original ideas (and customers) was in the army with me. We did a couple of weeks' extremely energetic cross-country motor-cycling together.

If you want a table in the evening, play safe and 'phone AMB 7474.

Let us now escape from the semi-diluted carbon monoxide of traffic-congested London and get some sea air. So, to Eastbourne and for the first time to the Summer Palace, Park Gates, a brand-new and luxurious Chinese restaurant owned and operated by young and friendly people, Madame Chia-pi Tsien and her husband, T. D. Tsien. He served for many years in the Diplomatic Corps all over the world and has been in England for seven years.

They have six Chinese chefs and

if you want English food and cooking in a Chinese Restaurant, it can be produced, because one of them served in the R.A.F. at Hong Kong for eleven years and knows how to deal with the matter.

The main restaurant is on the first floor and although it could seat 200 people, room for only 125 is provided. This makes it spacious and comfortable, so that you can consume in peace authentic Chinese food, backed up by a short but well-chosen wine list. There are many restaurants in London where the customers are so squashed together that no matter how good the food may be, I find them unusable.

The ground floor is open all day until 11.15 p.m. and in the morning you can have your Chinese tea (Jasmine is my preference). Remember: no sugar, no milk and no lemon and in the evening light meals are provided.

In front of the establishment there is a sunken lotus pool. It has coloured lights at night, which make it most attractive. To make your plans, 'phone Eastbourne 7556.

If by any chance you are going in the opposite direction—to Cambridge instead of Eastbourne—you could do a lot worse than try the recently opened Chinese restaurant in that town, The Hangchow, in Petty Curry, Cambridge. It is operated by two Mr. Wongs and one Mr. Liu. The quality of the Chinese food is exceptional; doubtless the English dishes are, too. But I don't go to a Chinese restaurant to eat English food, any more than I would go to a Greek Restaurant and order a Grilled Dover Sole or Oysters—I should prefer a Mousaka.

No licence at the moment, so take your own wine and they will provide a corkscrew and glasses. Here's another 'phone number, so you don't have to worry: Cambridge 51203.



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## DINING IN

### Salad days in France

by HELEN BURKE

I BECAME a little weary of visitors to this country telling us that our coffee is terrible, that we have only one winter vegetable—the cabbage and the other members of its tribe—and that we lack imagination. So I was more than pleased when a much-travelled Englishman in a small but good hotel on the Cote d'Azur said, "What I miss when I come abroad is good green vegetables and fish. They're nothing like so good as ours."

That was a pleasant shock to me!

I must say that, in the south of France, we did get a little tired of green beans and tasteless large tomatoes stuffed with unimaginative fillings, the like of which no one I know here would have served. And artichokes, wonderfully large and good as they were, appeared too often on the table—as did veal.

Salad stuffs in other countries are not nearly so good as ours. Never abroad, have I tasted cos lettuces as good as those Manchester-grown and never are tomatoes as flavoursome.

But there is one vegetable hors d'oeuvre in the south of France which I always enjoy—one which we seldom see here, in restaurants, at least—and it appears on the menu as "Crudities." It is a selection of shredded raw root and top-soil vegetables, dressed in vinaigrette or French sauce, without herbs.

Then, in France, there was celeriac — bulbous celery — now available. Buy a large one (more economical), peel it and cut it into long strands on a vegetable shredder. Dress it immediately with a sauce made in the proportions of one good teaspoon of made mustard, pepper and salt to taste, three tablespoons of olive oil and just enough vinegar or lemon juice, added drop by drop, to make it thick enough and rich. A good teaspoon should be ample. I like to add a tiny pinch of sugar to this dressing. Dress a breakfast-cup or so of the shredded celeriac with this sauce and you will find it just right. The mustard should be pronounced.

For red cabbage salad, slice the inside leaves, after discarding the ribs, and dress them in a sauce of similar proportions, but omit the mustard. Shredded raw carrots are, more often than not, served without dressing of any kind. Green peppers, of which there is an abundance just now, are cut into very thin rings and dressed with oil and vinegar. Cooked beetroot, cut Julienne style, is dressed with three to four parts of oil to less than one part of tarragon vinegar.

Finally, on the Continent, you get sliced, unpeeled tomatoes, dressed with oil alone and sprinkled with chopped basil. In this country, I suppose that one would use chopped parsley for the most part, but basil is quite easily grown. Indeed, I have had a crop of it on my window-sill!

Vegetables? *My Greengrocer Says*, by Alec Blacke, himself a greengrocer (Faber & Faber, 5s.), is one of the most interesting, instructive and amusing books I have read on the subject. I agree with every word the author writes, but, please, Mr. Blacke, when the book is reprinted, as it deserves to be, do list the seasons in which your various goods are best obtainable and give us some notes on herbs. Sometimes, it is the *little* which makes the *whole*!

"Celery's like the Chicago pig, of course," says Alec Blacke, "You use all of it but the squeal... eat the delicate parts raw, braise the coarser outer stalks, and save the leaves and trimmings for soup."

Dirty celery, he advises us, is the best to buy!

"There are two ways in which your greengrocer can buy his celery in the market: washed, which looks much better when it's fresh, and is cleaner to handle, but it gets soft and weary very soon; or dirty, coated with rich black soil,



which means he has an awful job washing and scrubbing each head, but you'll get a much crispier, crunchier celery, because it's fresher. If you really like good celery, your best (and hardest) plan is to buy dirty celery, with most of the soil knocked off, and wash it yourself just before you need it; if you leave it unwashed, it will keep for days, so you could buy it on Tuesday, say, and keep it quite safely until the weekend, and save yourself the usual Saturday morning scramble." Dirty celery—sooty celery—is the kind that I shall buy. (Come to think of it, it is the kind I have always bought!)





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